THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXV.—No. 1620

JANUARY 1, 1935

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

"THEIR NATIVE HEATH": The ECCENTRIC CLUB

PRIVATE VIEWS: By Miron

1/-

ESTABLISHED 1667

HEDGES & BUTLER

Full Price List on Application
153 REGENT ST., LONDON W.1

WINES & SPIRITS

Brighton, Bournemouth and Branches.

Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE

Made in the Isle of Skye since 1745 from the original recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie's retainers, and still held as precious and rare as in the old days of the Prince. At all public and private functions, a small Drambuie completes and rounds off a well-served repast.

Obtainable at all first-class Hotels and Restaurants.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD.,
9, Union Street - - - - Edinburgh

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.

HYÈRES The most southern spot of the Riviera.

THE GOLF HOTEL

The Golfer's Paradise.
Famous links (18 holes).
4 Tennis-courts. 2 Croquet-lawns.
Private park of 70 acres.
Rates no higher than similar class hotels in England.

Same Management
MARSEILLES. SPLENDIDE HOTEL

DEVAL REGD

ENGLISH SPUN SILK
TAILORED WASHING
FROCKS & BLOUSES

Perfection in Every Detail

OBTAINABLE LEADING OUTFITTERS
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Enquiries—DEVAL, 75, Newman St., W.1

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

Charles Heidsieck

Champagne · Reims

1926 VINTAGE

FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

Nothing else will keep you WELL so well—as a daily dose of

DINNEFORD'S

Pure Fluid Magnesia

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. (Temple Bar 3161.)
Lew Leslie's BLACKBIRDS OF 1935
AN ENTIRELY NEW PRODUCTION.
The Greatest Array of Talent ever Presented in Revue.

HOTELS

COME HERE FOR SUNSHINE

In the long sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria you get the benefit of every ray of sunshine on the south coast. The ideal spot for winter relaxation. Private suites of 3 to 5 rooms. Lift to all floors and to three miles of level, dry sea-front. 100 bedrooms, each with Hot and Cold water. 4½ gns. weekly.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

CADOGAN HOTEL
SLOANE STREET LONDON

Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms.

Telephone: Sloane 7141. *Telegrams: 'Nagodac, Knights, London.'*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Mallorca, English Guesthouse.—All sports. M. Scott, 90 Cuesta Bonanova, Palma, Baleares, España.

Palma de Majorca.—Hotel Ingles gives the best of the best at mod. rates. Pens. fr. Ptas. 13 to 20. Spec. tms. long stay. Eng. spoken.

BELGIUM.

Le Zoute-Knocke: The Golf Hotel—"Always Open." Inclusive winter terms 10/-.

FRANCE.

Paris. Bohy-Lafayette, nr. Opera. Sq. Montholon—Com. of de luxe hotl. lowest rates. Apply for illus. tariff to J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best Hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—The Grand Hotel.—Unique palm and flower garden on the Croisette.

Hyères — Hotel Continental — Quietly situated in large park. Dominating view full South. From Frs. 35.

Juan-les-Pins.—Les Ambassadeurs.—Facing beach and Casino, every room with balcony. Bath. 'Phone. Spec. Win. t'ms. A.A., R.A.C.

Menton.—The Majestic (Swiss Hotel).—Nearest to Casino Facing Gdns. Renovated, and reduced. rates. Pens. fr. 4½ gns. wkly.

Menton.—Orient Hotel.—A most lux. hotel, centr. sit. 200 rooms, 100 baths. Terms from Frs. 55 per day, fac. south. Prop. L. Brunetti.

Menton.—Hotel Royal & Westminster—on Sea Front with gdn. 1st cl. 100 yds. fr. New Casino. Quotations in sterl. on demand.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Bristol & Majestic.—200 rms., fac. sea. Big lounge, bar, bridge room. Engl. clientele. Incl. terms fr. 35 Frs.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel des Etrangers.—Absolutely 1st-class. Terms, including Government tax, from Frs. 35.

Monte Carlo.—Grand Hotel National.—English. All comfts. 70 rooms. Near Casino. 1st-class cooking. Inclusive from 35 Frs.

Monte Carlo.—Royal Hotel.—All comforts. Full South; garden overlooking sea; renowned cuisine. Pension from Frs. 55.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Victoria.—Sunny location opp. Borghese Gardens. Remodernized 1934. Pension Lit. 38. Special rates for long stays.

Albissola Marina Savona—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Milano.**—Cen. heating. Run. water, warm & cold in all rms. Full wkly. Pens. £2.0.0

Capri.—Hotel Pagano Vittoria.—Quietude. Sun. Sea. Garden. Modern comforts. Pension Lire 28-35.

Capri. — Where Winter is Spring.—**Quisisana Grand Hotel.**—The Best on the Sea. G. Izzo, Managing Proprietor.

Lavagna—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Nazionale**—On the sea. Cen. heat. Cold and warm run. water in all rms. Good cuisine. Pens. Lire 20.

Rapallo-Genoa—Hotel Riviera Splendida—Pension-Restaurant, Open the whole year. Moderate terms. Possessor Cav. A. Bottinelli.

San Remo.—Hotel Royal.—Italian Riviera, for every comfort and attraction; facing the sea. Terms from 17/-.

SWITZERLAND.

Adelboden.—Adler Hotel and Kursaal.—Exc. Ski-ing & Curling, indoor amus. Eng. Ski-Club, Best Food, incl. terms from Frs. 14.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Lausanne—Byron Hotel.—Best position, all m. comfort, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £4.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site Hotels.—First class at reas'able rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like House. Latest comf. R'ms from 5 Frs., incl. terms 13 Frs. Garden. Gar. Rest'nt.

Les Avants S/Montreux 3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman Bellevue**—1st cl. fam. hotl.; renvatd., run. water. Winter sports. Incl. terms fr. 12s.

Wengen.—Park Hotel Beausite.—1st class, all mod. con. in beaut. sun. & centr. pos. All sports. Incl. t'ms with after. tea from Frs. 16.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*continued.*

MONTE CARLO
THE MIRABEAU
(Close to the Beach)

Unrivalled situation. First-Class Family Hotel. A Home away from Home. Terms from Frs. 60. Under the personal management of Mr. F. Schipper.

ROYALTY BAR, MONTE CARLO
In its new premises and 2nd entrance on the Blvd. Desmoulins (facing Casino Gardens)
The Smartest Rendez-vous for Cocktails. Light Meals. Afternoon Tea.
Owned and Managed by FRANCIS

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be Addressed to:

PARIS OFFICE: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées. *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

The Bystander, January 1, 1935

No. 1620. Vol. CXXV.

The BYSTANDER

Lenare

THE LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY

Lady Catherine Heathcote-Drummond-Willoughby, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ancaster, announced her engagement last Thursday to Mr. John St. Maur Ramsden, Sir John and Lady Ramsden's elder son. Sir John Ramsden, who is the sixth Baronet, is a big landowner, with places in Northamptonshire, Cumberland, and Scotland, about 150,000 acres all told. Lord Ancaster owns a couple of castles—Grimsthorpe Castle, in Lincolnshire, and Drummond Castle, in Perthshire. His elder daughter is a grand sportswoman; she hunts and shoots, and is good at most games. She is four years younger than her fiancé

1

2

A Sentimental First Night at the Alhambra

Swaebe

(1) Mr. Gordon Selfridge and his lovely daughter, Princess Wiasemsky, went to see the first night of "The Bing Boys Are Here"

(2) Mr. Maurice Birkin, Lady Sassoon and Mr. Leopold Lonsdale were in the Alhambra stalls on the same memory-stirring occasion

3

4

Swaebe

(3) Mr. Fred Thompson and Mr. George Grossmith, the authors of "The Bing Boys," enjoyed the 1934 production of their war-time classic

(4) Mr. O. Blyth, who was at the original first night in 1916, and who took over 3000 soldiers to see the show during the war, and Mr. E. Joicey, Violet Loraine's husband

7

Swaebe

(7) Mr. and Mrs. David Forbes were photographed at the Café de Paris. He is in the Coldstream Guards, and she is the elder daughter of the late Hon. Arnold Henderson

Young-Marrieds Out Dancing

(8) The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell took her Jennifer and Guy to a children's party at Lord and Lady Ashfield's South Street house which was continued at the "Mickey Mouse" matinée at the Leicester Square Theatre

(9) Mrs. George Phillipi talking to the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid at the Ashfields' children's party. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid has her younger son, Noel, sitting beside her

8

One (Like This) Is Equal to Two *Swaebe* 5

(5) Miss Yvonne Grey had Sir Robert Throckmorton and Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe to keep her company at dinner at the party at Grosvenor House in aid of the Prince of Wales's General Hospital

(6) Elisabeth Bergner talking to Dr. Paul Czinner, her husband, at Drury Lane, where the ballet scenes in the film of "Escape Me Never" were shot. Elisabeth Bergner is playing Gemma Jones in the screen version as she did in the play, and Czinner is directing. The Vic.-Wells Company provided the ballet

• ROUNDABOUT

6

"Gemma Jones" and Her Director-Husband

Swaebe 11

An Ex-Deb and Her Mother

(11) Miss Daphne Henderson and the Hon. Mrs. Arnold Henderson were at the first night of "The Bing Boys Are Here." Daphne Henderson came out last season; she is Mrs. David Forbes's younger sister

Four Wedding Guests 12

(12) Miss Peta Davis, Mr. Anthony Hanbury, Lady Patricia Mackay and Mr. William Walker were at the Skeffington-Smyth-McLean wedding reception at Curzon House

9

10

Christmas Carol Singers

(10) Lord and Lady Raglan's three children rehearsing their carols at Cefntilla, their Monmouthshire home. They are Geoffrey, aged two; FitzRoy, aged seven; and Janetta, aged nine

They Went to See "The Scarlet Pimpernel"

Above: Mr. Randolph Churchill had something of apparently compelling importance to say to Lady Castlerosse as they went in to the Leicester Square Theatre

Left: Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, looking as lovely as usual, was escorted to "The Scarlet Pimpernel" première by Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P.

The trio of lovelies on the right, who all decorated the première, are Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke, Lady Queensberry, and Lady Charles Cavendish

Above: Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., who went to see the Pimpernel's brave rescues and forget about Indian safeguards

Left: Mr. Anthony Eden, M.P., back from putting Great Britain right in the middle of the international map at Geneva, took his wife to the cinema

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 83

Ivor Nicholson

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

IVOR NICHOLSON has sprung into the front rank of publishers within three years of setting up shop in Essex Street, Strand. If one must give him a label, I should say that he specialises in significant books—the diaries of the late Lord Riddell, the memoirs of Lloyd George, and autobiographies of Lord Snowden and Lord Esher, for example. When he paid Lloyd George five thousand pounds down merely to sign the contract, everyone said he was crazy. Events have proved that he was remarkably sane. By-the-bye, there is at least one more volume of Ll.G. memoirs, and probably two, the latter being scheduled for "The Reasons of the War."

Grandson of the man who christened Asquith, educated at Mill Hill, where he ran the school magazine and persuaded George R. Sims and other celebrities of the day to write for him, Ivor Nicholson is Welsh on both sides of his family. He is brown-eyed and clean-shaven, able to go to sleep at any moment and in any position. His chief hobby is to vamp Welsh hymns on the piano. The only people he really wants to meet are the Marx Brothers. He finds that the bigger the writer, the greater the appreciation of the publisher. Like others in the same line of business, his chief bugbear is the author or authoress who telephones every week to find how sales are going. Similarly, he is greatly impressed by the ten thousand tuppenny libraries which have recently come into existence, and hopes that a new public, wanting better books, will be created.

IVOR has a habit of sprawling sideways across his chair, with his face leaning on his right hand. He is fond of apple-tart and dinghies; hates being photographed, and runs like a rabbit from youths who want a job in the publishing business. When war broke out he offered his body five times to the authorities. Then, getting discouraged, he had an interview with Lloyd George, which resulted in his being given charge of all illustrated propaganda. After being associated with various magazines when the war was over, he ultimately became editor of the *Pall Mall*—his last job before venturing out on his own.

He has an attractive wife and two sons, and a house in Chelsea. He publishes a hundred books a year; confines his social life rigorously to Brooks's; and, when I come to think of it, is inclined to turn his head and look very suddenly at you, as if to see whether you really mean what you have just been saying.

Listen ...

TROUBLE below stairs, angry voices, accompanied by the sound of flesh meeting flesh, followed by a dull thud as the butler bites the dust. "And that should teach him to accuse a God-fearing woman of writing 'Listen'!"

•

WHERE, oh, where, oh, where is the clergyman's daughter? She used to be here, there and everywhere, now she remains behind closed portals.

•

"SO you're going into journalism, are you, darling? How heavenly for you. Fleet Street instead of Jermyn Street! You will *find it a change."*

•

WE'RE young enough still to adore dressing-up, and the Austrian Legation Ball was sheer heaven. Although we all wore masks until supper, we all managed to recognise Oggie Lynn. It would have to be a very big mask to get us guessing there.

•

HOW lovely Lady Jersey is. We thought her easily the loveliest woman at the party. Black suits her to perfection, but she also looks lovely in colours.

•

WE do *wish that all chaps would learn to valse decently, as the divine Viennese valses were ruined for most of us by our partners hopping round like fox-terriers round a lamp-post.*

•

MARRIAGE suits some people, single bliss others; both states apparently agree with Lady Brougham and Vaux. After her marriage to his Lordship, we thought her lovelier than before, and since her marriage has been dissolved she is undoubtedly lovelier still.

•

YOU'VE all lost your money: the American gentleman with a titled wife has NOT taken a house in Belgrave Square.

•

LADY SERENA JAMES has that rare quality, these days, known as dignity. We admired her very much at the Christmas Ball. In an aqua-marine dress, and complete with tiara, she looked very lovely as she stood with her father, Lord Scarborough, receiving the guests.

•

IT was a great joy to see Elizabeth Pilkington out and about again, and at a meet of the Belvoir, after her ghastly fall on the tarmac, in which she fractured her skull a few weeks ago. This was the second serious riding accident Mrs. Pilkington has sustained in the space of a few years, but she announces her intention of going hunting again as soon as the doctors allow, or perhaps sooner.

•

HER husband, "Pilks," is one of the most popular men in Buck's and Leicestershire, is a first-class polo player, and was a member of his father-in-law's—Jack Harrison's—team which unexpectedly put it across the Americans last year.

•

OVERHEARD at a meet, very much not *the Belvoir. "Of course, he'd never get rid of his huntsman, they've got so much in common: they both hate hunting."*

•

CONTINUING our hints on etiquette, we deplore the habit of referring to divorced husbands as eligible bachelors, even if they had *done the divorcing. Eligible, they may be, and we girls are all for a man of experience, but you can't have your cake and eat it, and by no stretch of the imagination can they be described as bachelors.*

•

THERE are, though, a number of extremely eligible young men, any of whom a decent-minded girl would give her eyes to marry; but so far these young men have shown not the slightest sign of losing their freedom.

•

MOST eligible of all is Lord Sefton. So good-looking is he that women swoon when he comes into a room, but Hugh is very arrogant with them all, and is quite unmoved at the chaos his presence has caused.

•

LORD HERBERT, pale and interesting and mouse-like, would also be a rare catch, as would even paler Charlie Birkin. Charlie goes over very big with the girls, especially the very young ones.

•

ANOTHER pale and extremely eligible young man is Lord Ivor Churchill. Lord Ivor is very intelligent, well-read, an authority on a diverse number of subjects, and is extremely popular with men and women alike.

•

OUR final pale young man is Lord Donegall, who has not been inspired to enter the married state by the example of his fellow-columnists, all so blissfully wedded. He has been known to say that he finds platonic friendships far less trouble; but perhaps one of us will get him one day.

POPULAR WOMEN

No. 5.—Lady Weymouth

THE Weymouths are the best living example of the fact that the children sometimes know best. Fathers Bath and Vivian opposed the marriage tooth and nail, but Daphne and Henry were determined, and have made a brilliant success of it. Tall and very lovely, Lady Weymouth has more personality in her little finger than most women have in their whole composition, and has almost as many fans of both sexes as a film star, and certainly had more proposals of marriage than any of them. Goes well to hounds, is a keen greyhound-racing enthusiast, has been a great help to her husband in his political career, and is a devoted mother to her three children.

Round the Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Lady Grantley

Viscountess Bury

Lady Bury, wearing a big black and gold hat, and a gold lamé quilted gilet to her black dress, was at Mrs. Alan Swinton's pre - Christmas cocktail-party. Lady Bury was Miss Diana Grove, and married Lord Bury, Lord Albemarle's eldest son, as his second wife in 1931

Above: Lady Grantley, Lord Grantley's wife, who is a great raconteuse, was sketched at a dinner-party, telling one of her amusing stories

Left: a sketch of Lady Worthington-Evans at the Ten-Bob Dance at Covent Garden, in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic. Lady Worthington-Evans was in Mrs. Eustace Storey's party, and was in white, with emeralds as her jewellery

Lady Worthington-Evans

Mrs. James Rodney and Col. the Hon. George Keppel

Mrs. James Rodney was doing a lunch at the Ritz when her picture was taken, and was with the Hon. George Keppel, Lord Albemarle's brother, and an uncle by marriage of Lady Bury

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Loraine, Loraine, Robee"

OLD POEM ADAPTED

Sketches of "The Bing Boys Are Here" by Rouson

Where's George? Hidden under a mass of fur. George Robey as the son of King Kong

"The Bing Boys Are Here" (Alhambra)

I THINK that the idea Mr. Prince Littler had in his mind when choosing an entertainment for the Alhambra was to see whether there was not a public demand for something besides the extreme sophistication of modern revue, and therefore he cast about him for something simpler, something more elemental, and his choice fell upon a revue by George Grossmith and Fred Thompson, with music by Nat D. Ayer, called *The Bing Boys Are Here*.

THIS revue may be old-fashioned, but not quite so old-fashioned as to possess a plot which matters. All there is of connected story is the adventures of the two Bing boys who come to London after leaving their native village. Also leaving at the same time is Emma, a domestic servant in the Bing household, who seeks her fortune in the great metropolis.

All their adventures in London must be seen to be believed, and then you won't believe them; but you *will* be kept entertained by seeing Violet Loraine and George Robey at the very top of their form. Violet Loraine hasn't been seen on the stage since June 1932, when she appeared in a very poor show called *Fanfare*, which gave her no chances; but her high-spirited performance as Emma, the servant who develops into a duchess, shows that she has lost none of her aptitude for making the very most of her material. As for George Robey, he remains the Prime Minister of Mirth, regardless of any General Elections, and his glittering eye still quells, with a knowledgeable wink, any unseemly levity indulged in by the audience.

There is some music in this revue which I believe will be popular, especially a duet called "If You were the Only Girl in the World," which possesses so catchy a melody that the audience joined in singing it at once on the night of my visit. *The Bing Boys Are Here* may be old-fashioned, but it is likely to prove extremely popular.

THERE! that's finished, and I do hope you will applaud my restraint. Not once have I mentioned that this revue is a revival of a war-time success, though I was present at its first night, in April 1916. Not one single reminiscence have I trotted out; not one comparison have I made. I've treated the Bing boys as newcomers to town, and as no notice of this revival has been printed in the Press except on reminiscent lines, I thought, perhaps, you'd like something different.

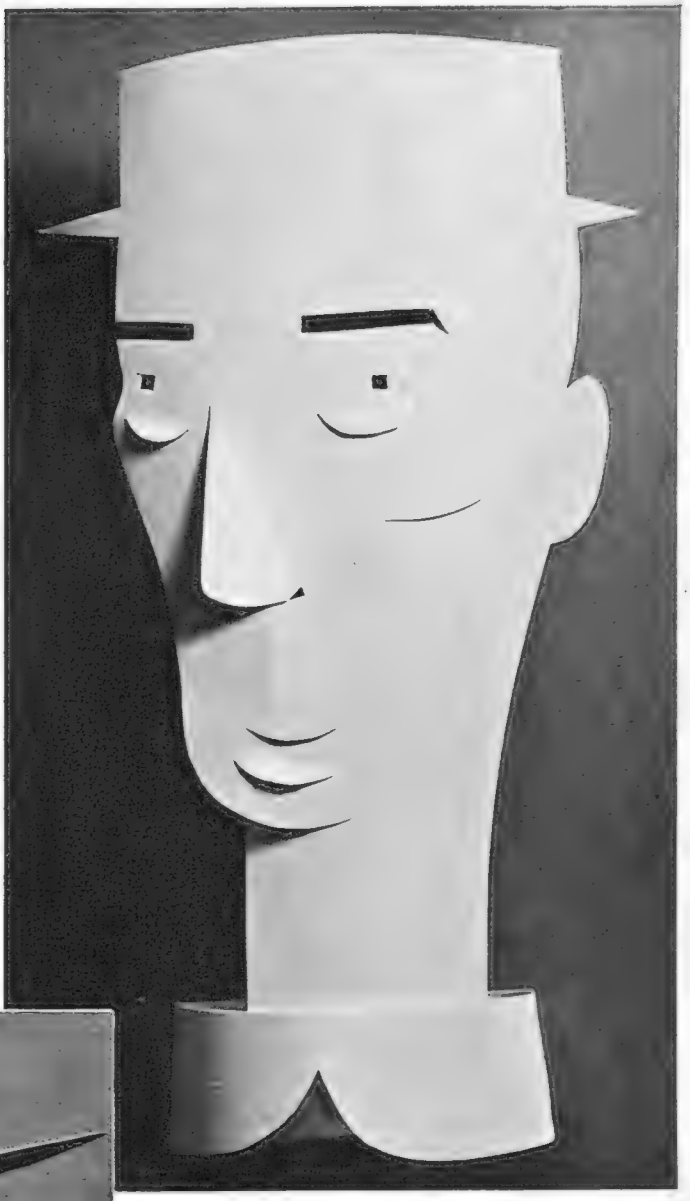
The Olympia Circus

MR. BERTRAM MILLS has done the trick again. Year by year one goes to Olympia under the impression that the previous season's turns could not be beaten, and year by year they seem to be. Once again equestrian acts figure largely on the programme, and the horses and their riders are indeed wonderful. But there are other animals which vie with the horses in cleverness, and it's a toss-up whether tigers, chimpanzees, elephants, or dogs possess the greatest talent. As for those extraordinary people who perform hair-raising aerial acts and acrobats whose bodies seem composed of steel and elastic, their name is legion, while, for humour, the boxing of the Gold Dust Twins—a pair of dusky gentlemen with gorgeous grins—is the funniest turn I have seen for a very long time. A great show.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Violet Loraine as Emma, cook, actress, prima donna and duchess; and Rebla, a wonderful juggler, as the second Bing boy, still finds time to practise his art

Marlene Dietrich



Buster Keaton

Maurice Chevalier

All rights reserved

Paper Hats on Paper Heads

A Trio of Film Faces

By Wladimir Bielkine

THIS is the fifth set of cut-out caricatures by Bielkine, the artist who was born in Russia, lives in Amsterdam, and has so versatile a hand with the scissors. His art probably appeals very strongly to Members of Parliament, many of whom can turn out a pretty thing in paper designs, as anyone knows who has ever looked down into the Chamber from the gallery towards the end of a day. But fold and cut as our law-givers may, Mr. Bielkine can still give them a good start when it comes to catching a personality with the sharp edge of his scissors

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 24. The Eccentric Club

By CHARLES GRAVES *Sketches by H. H. HARRIS*

AN amazing club is the Eccentric, which celebrated its forty-fourth birthday a few days ago. I have never seen so many nudes hanging on the walls, even in an art gallery. The members look as hard-boiled as they are generous. During the war they raised a quarter of a million pounds for war charities. To-day, all the available notice-boards seem to be studded with subscription lists for yet other charities—taking poor children to the seaside, winter hampers, and so on.

THERE are fifteen hundred members, and it is one of the prerogatives of the current Lord Mayor to be elected automatically. There are still six original members. The doyen is Fred Bishop, whom you will always see in the Owl's Roost, as they call the smoke-room and bar. There he sits, with his poet's forehead, small, neat white beard, red carnation, check handkerchief, and stiff cuffs, betting like blazes, although he is in his ninetieth year. He once backed eight horses in the Cambridgeshire. Once he fell off an omnibus, at the age of eighty-two, and was round and about in a fortnight. In his day he has been chairman both of the Beaufort and the Victoria, and owned thirty-five public-houses and thirty-five racehorses simultaneously. His voice is as penetrating as ever

ANOTHER original is Jack Harrison, the father of Phyllis Monkman, and the honorary secretary of the club. Indeed, he has been the backbone of it for its whole career. He is small, rather bald, and white-haired, with a deliberate manner and great charm. The other survivors of the original two hundred are Gordon Harvey, who has lived in the South of France for years, C. W. Nightingale, A. J. Weber, none of whom uses the club much; and Jimmie Wyatt, who is now eighty-six and who has never tasted pork, veal, stoned fruit, cabbage, lobster, crabs, oysters, whisky, beer, or stout. He is white-haired, clean-shaven, and very good-looking in an Old Roman way. I might have said of Jack Harrison that he has never tasted beer in his life. A clergyman saw him going to have a drink when he was a boy, and made him promise never to touch it. He kept the promise.

OF the other members, the majority are antique dealers, bookmakers, stage artists, tradesmen in the St. James's area, and singers. Among the members who live regularly at the club there is Laddie Cliff, who is always very quiet; Jimmie Boyce, who is now the manager of the club, a cheerful, pink-cheeked man who sees that the food is first-class and who is fond of golf and billiards. There is Tom Shale, who has just completed his fiftieth

William Griggs

Jack Harrison

Laddie Cliff

George Masters

Joseph Hislop

year on the stage, having played the original parts of Colonel Popoff in *The Chocolate Soldier*, Mr. Wax in *The Southern Maid*, and the Colonel in *Sybil*. All told, he has played in fifty-seven musical pieces, including nearly all those of George Edwardes, which must surely be a record. Originally, he was a tenor with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and then turned comedian when "my appearance gave way."

ANOTHER member resident at the club is Vin Lambourne. He is an extraordinary card—in fact, a real Eccentric. Sometimes he will stay in his bedroom for three days at a time, playing the wireless and having his food sent up to him. But for his hair, he would look the image of Mr. Pickwick. Joseph Hislop is a member, and lunches at the club occasionally. Harry Ainley is a member. George Barnes is still one, though Ben Tillett has given it up. Lord Derby belongs. Another member who lives in the club is Giovanni, the pickpocket, and the funny thing about him is that though he is one of the best card-manipulators alive, he always loses money at contract bridge. Milton Hayes has been staying at the club. He has been all round the world. Seven years ago he gave up the stage, having earned what he wanted, at the height of his fame, and has no regrets about not returning.

BERRY WEBER is a notable member, being the architect of I don't know how many Town Halls. He is tall, good-looking, dapper, and a great wit. Frank, Alfred, and William Griggs are said to have built more cinemas than any three brothers in the country. Frank is dark and spectacled; Alfred is polite and dignified; William is thin and retiring. Ted Heathorne, the greatest bookmaker alive, and the greatest sportsman in the Ring or out of it, uses the club a great deal. Spectacled and smiling, and with the constitution of a horse, he loves champagne, cards, and big bets. If you ask him to lay you two to one, he will say: "Make it threes and be comfy." He once laid a bet of a hundred pounds to a penny. George Graves is always in the club. Most comedians are rather like architects when they are not on the stage. George Graves, as a matter of course, knows the newest stories, but his main interest in life seems to be to go to murder trials—a queer trait in a comedian.

Vin Lambourne

Frank Griggs

Tom Shale

Fred Bishop

Alfred Griggs

Jimmie Boyce

THERE is a good story attached to Percy Jones and Bowie Lawford, who lunch at the club every day of the year, and have done so since the war. They were both in the Third County of London Yeomanry (dismounted) at Gallipoli. Percy Jones was very severely wounded, and still has a plate in the back of his head to show it. He was out on the wire, when Lawford, at the almost certain risk of his life, brought him in. Lawford, oddly enough, is the older man, bald-headed and white-moustached.

YET another member who lives at the club is Tom Arnold, the impresario, short, fat, and cheerful, and, unfortunately for the club bar accounts, very temperate. There is also Dick Woodhead. He comes from Yorkshire, and seems to enjoy nothing more than entertaining his friends, particularly, during the cricket season, in his box at the Oval.

One of the advantages of the club is that you can have bets all through lunch, with a tall, moustached, spectacled gentleman who comes back and tells you as soon as you have won; and very often, indeed, tells you what to pick. The Eccentric, indeed, is the bookmakers' Carlton club.

LOOKING down the list of members, you see that there are ten Levys, thirteen Phillipses, ten Simmondses, eleven Smiths, nine Woolfs, not to mention the Brothers Zeitlin. There is any amount of club accommodation, all of a very comfortable nature. Sisters of Mercy know that if they ever come to the Eccentric they will never get less than ten pounds from the members, even if the contribution is limited to half-a-crown. The club still supports the widow of Arthur Roberts, who himself was given three hundred pounds a year by the members to keep him going for the last few years of his life—yet another example of their amazing generosity.

Berry Weber

Sketches by Melané

Two Persons . . .

WATCH carefully this simple child
—A Puritan might call her wild;
See how she nightly takes her place
To gaze upon her Maestro's face.
'Tis in the balcony she dines
And sips the most expensive wines,
Supplied by some adoring youth
—A little pimpled and uncouth.
But not for him her smile or frown,
Her flashing eyes look out and down
To meet the eager upward gaze
Of one who stands below and plays
Such music that one has to tread
A lighter measure, and one's head
Gets just a little lighter too,
If everything one sees is true.
Oh, watch this Juliet above,
Whose eyes betray their ardent love,
And see her passion down below,
A most melodious Romeo,
Who gives a really perfect show
With strings in plenty to his bow.
While she, this simple, pretty thing,
Has beaux in plenty to her string.
There is no moral to relate,
Save that she dined too oft—too late,
And, having spurned both Rank and Wealth,
She passed from Top Drawer to the Shelf.

BUS.

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

YOU may possibly have seen us on New Year's Eve in a fashionable restaurant, taking part in the quaintly barbarous ceremonies of the Scots with our usual indulgent bonhomie. It may even have been your large, warm hand that we clasped with graceful alacrity at midnight, chanting that curious dirge about auld acquaintance. We hope it wasn't you making rather an exhibition of yourself with balloons on the floor a few minutes previously, or was it? We felt, contemplating your gambols with that hoppity blonde, that the Scots were looking on with grim and complacent relish, as the Spartans and their offspring looked on at the revels of the Helots. ("Look, children—that 's what serfs are like! Faugh!")

Anyway, we 're willing to say no more about that. Our intention here was to usher in the New Year with a little motherly moralising in the manner of Thackeray. Nothing authoritative or dogmatic, you understand. Nothing meaning anything much. Just a suspicion of moisture on the old gold-rimmed spectacles, just a little tremble in the kind old voice, and a big, lovely helping of treacle pudding for all. Then we were going to proceed in the best appassionato vein of Mr. James Douglas, taking for our text a poor little Scottish doggie we saw in the street who had nobody to wish him a glad New Year. (Do you know there are 675,154 lonely doggies in our midst to whom 1935 brings no message of hope and joy? Do you care a solitary damn?) As we gazed at him, a poor little actress hurried into the foyer of a smart hotel, with hardly any clothes on, her poor little back practically bare to the winter wind. Do you care about these tragedies of the great, cruel city? As we bit our lip to keep back tears, Lord Castlerosse swept past on some unknown errand of mercy and healing, and we thanked Heaven for the presence of one kind heart.

What was his errand? Was he about to steal away with a nice hot bowl of turtle soup and a flagon of Mumm (Cordon Rouge) to the bedside of some starving millionaire? Whatever it was, be sure it was some shy act of simple, unselfish goodness. Will you promise to model your behaviour this coming year on his Lordship's, or shall Auntie give you a great knock on the medulla oblongata?

The Shade of the Palm

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD'S Christmas-box of increased pay for 77,000 postmen and others, amounting to about £275,000 a year, didn't seem to affect Old English customs much. Not that we grudge a Christmas-box to our postman. When we think of the bagsful of thumping lies he has to hump around, year in and year out, we feel he must hate doing it—fancy having to carry round and deliver, for example, all those letters from City men to show-girls!—and anything we can do for him we do gladly.

The one gift we grudged very bitterly, when, for a time, we lived in Paris, years ago, was the New Year étrennes for our concierge. Why the French, who suffer practically nothing gladly, never rise and abolish the tyranny of the concierge we cannot conceive. Like the Hausmeister of Vienna flats, she knows every secret of the block she serves. She knows who comes in and who goes out. She receives all your correspondence, possibly reads it, and is tacitly admitted to be on terms of understanding with the police. Sometimes she is a nice, kind, helpful creature; sometimes she is a surly hag. On New Year's Eve, her features, however hideous, crack into a sycophantic smile, she becomes disturbingly polite, her claws are sheathed, her anxiety for your comfort becomes sinister. We 've never heard of any Frenchman foolish enough to refuse his concierge her New Year tip. There 's no way of escaping this intolerable blackmail except by marrying them, as some do.

"We 've still got five minutes. Play that fox-trot again"

We 're Telling You

WE don't know if you noticed that there is a new President of Switzerland, that outpost of Empire which we lend by arrangement to the Swiss between Winter Sports seasons. His name is Dr. Rudolf Minger. Did you know that? You certainly did not.

The only Swiss President before Dr. Minger whose name we ever knew was M. Motta, who presided a few years ago. We used to dine out on M. Motta quite a deal. It genuinely surprised people to discover that (*a*) Switzerland had a President, and (*b*) that his name wasn't, as everybody naturally concluded, Nestlé. The Winter Sports crowd especially were thoroughly taken aback. We can see the look of astonishment in their round, blue, vacant, virginal eyes even now. One of them asked us sharply how long ago Great Britain gave up Switzerland. We replied, at a venture, that Disraeli traded it for the Suez Canal in 1875. The athlete, after

" I couldn't do it! He's been in that window since I was a boy "

some consideration, stigmatised Disraeli as an unpatriotic hound, an un-English shyster, and a Bolshie cad. His tanned, clean-cut features flushed as he said this, and he banged the table with a sinewy brown hand. A girl like a bronzed water-nymph corrected him.

" Disraeli wasn't a Bolshie. He started the Primrose League, you ruddy fool! " said the water-nymph. " I've got three aunts in it."

" Fat lot they must care about the Old Country," said the athlete bitterly. The conversation then reverted to ski-ing.

Hilarity House

We perceive from a review by Lucius Beebe in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, that an American traveller, Flora Merrill, has written a book about that renowned, fantastic, almost-legendary hotel in Jermyn Street so faithfully etched by Evelyn Waugh in *Vile Bodies*. There was a brilliant and sympathetic character-sketch of its celebrated hostess in the *New Yorker* by Joseph Bryan a little time ago. What Mr. Beebe calls " the fabulous idiocies of Jermyn Street " and its " dark to dawn hey-hey " seem now to have inspired a scholarly and more or less official guide and handbook to the Cavendish, its hostess, its inmates, and those daylight and nocturnal gambollings which (we quote again) " give a definite impression that Hallowe'en at the Madhouse is as nothing to a night under that roof."

In Mr. Beebe's review of this bit of ripe research, the famous accent, incidentally, is pretty well rendered: " Eh say, Stefany, eh gless of wate wane for the gell with the fa'a ha'a." We think, surveying the whole question with detachment, that it's completely discreditable to British scholarship to allow American literati to snoop our historical

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 12.—Sir J. M. Barrie

There are fairies at the bottom of his garden
(Or, rather, in the window-boxes that
Sport his Tinkerbelladonna and sweet Peter Pansies on a
Scale that proves a credit to his London flat),
Where the fragrance of these scented blossoms mingles
With the scent of Mary Roses, all in bud,
Till Adelphi Terrace seems to be a place of fairy dreams, too
Rare to know such mundane things as slush and mud.

There are thimbles on the table in his study
(Although I 'm not too positive of this,
For it 's so extremely winsome you may find it turning
in some
Strange way into the dearest little kiss);
There 's a shaggy old St. Bernard on the hearthrug,
That 's quite a proper Darling in his eyes,
While great heights his music touches, it 's from Phœbe
Throstle thrushes
Which are operatic fairies in disguise.

There 's a person who is always quite at home there
(Though what he looks like I have no idea,
For you 'll find Maconachie 's a most remarkable old
geyser—
An alter-ego-getter, 'twould appear);
And the centre of this happy little household
Is Sir James, who grows more elfin every day,
And so dearly loves to play with all those fairies he 's
au fait with,
For the fairies, too, all know that he 's so fey.

B. W.

monuments like this. They already possess the foremost modern authority on Dr. Johnson and a school of tireless Lamb exegetists. Now they 've cleaned up the Cavendish as well. What is the Government doing, as usual?

Exclusive, Modom

An interesting photograph of Miss Phyllis Wade, English ladies' golf champion, appeared in one of the dailies recently. Wearing a smart evening frock, she was driving off at a charity ball in Mayfair, swinging her club with grace and mastery.

" Would you mind? "

"There! I always said *cook was a Bolshevik"*

We don't know why women don't play golf habitually in evening frocks when the weather 's good enough. Given durable shoulder-straps, the costume is ideal—what greater freedom, for example, could the shoulders want?—and much more decorative than the tweeds golfing women clump about in. Everybody knows, also, that if Chanel or Patou or Molyneux brought out a golf gown cut on evening lines, the girls would rush for it in a frenzy. As they would if any of the masters of La Haute Couture launched a thing like a deep-sea diver's outfit. Or a clown's. Or a scavenger's, with a silly little red-flannel hat on one side. Or a thing like a miller's sack, with a dainty pocket on the hip full of bird-seed. At a film-director's party the other night we saw some old films, all past successes, and among them one in which Anny Ondra, the Berlin star, made a hit about seven or eight years ago, when they all wore knee-length skirts. Those who laughed most tunefully and long were women who, at the time, would have sold their nearest and dearest into slavery rather than have been seen in public wearing a skirt one inch below.

Yes, we know it 's a perennial topic, but in the relentless, age-long war between the sexes, it 's a useful thing to have about you, like a knobkerry. Attach it by a strap to the right wrist, give it a deft, easy swing, and—*clonk!* They 're out.

One Hour from Victoria

We met a man at dinner the other night who was carrying on about the sinister aspects of Marseilles. He told us everything we 'd heard before. His talk was full of the clichés of travellers, especially Anglo-Saxon. We know Marseilles a little ourselves—oh, those partridges roasted over vine-branches by Pascal at his tavern in the Old Port, years ago!—and we agreed, naturally, that Marseilles has a pretty tough underworld—as, indeed, any big seaport founded by the ancient Greeks and half as old as Time has a right to have. "Well" (we said at length, slightly bored), "talking about underworlds, what about Brighton?" This brought the honest fellow up all standing, and he goggled at us dumbly.

Well, what about Brighton? We 'd do anything not to hurt the feelings of our friend Sir Harry Preston, but it *is* a pretty raffish town. George the Fourth and his blackguard friends swiftly turned quiet little Brighthelmstone into a sort of suburban Capri, to begin with. A hundred years ago, Horace Smith wrote a charming poem about its attractions, not forgetting the Cyprian hussies crowding the Steyne. Modern Brighton, as one or two recent murders have revealed, has a pretty little underworld of thugs and blackmailers of its own. Its back slums are a revelation to those who have only known its gaudy sea-front. Ourselves, we love Brighton. We love its great, sweeping Regency squares—may Heaven preserve them from Progress! We love its sea and its breezes and its sunshine and its jolly vulgarity; we love the few remaining little narrow streets in the old town, with their antique shops; we love Harry Preston; we love the genteel primness of Hove; we love the odd people you see in the big hotels, stock-brokers and all, and the slot machines on the piers, and the gorgeous sunsets, and the jewelled lights, and the exquisite apple-green skies which enfold Brighton on placid summer evenings. We love it nearly all.

All the same, we wouldn't carry on too much, ourselves, about the wickedness of certain foreign watering-places and seaports. Just that.

More than Coronets

The nicest message we received over the Christmas holidays was from a lady unknown, who asked us whether we had a title, and if not, why not?

We appreciate this thought, obviously dictated by the fact that, as Scott said of Byron, we habitually wield the pen with the easy negligence of a nobleman. Nevertheless, we have no title. We actually had a baronetcy once, but we lapsed in our monthly payments, and they came and took it away. What they can never take away from us, however, is our kind heart, for which, like Lord Castlerosse (see above), we are a by-word in the profession, and for having which we were asked to resign from the *Financial Chimes*, which, under our editorship, had become a little oasis of sunshine and sympathy in the arid world of Money. They said we had no right to encourage kindness to actresses and birds with weekly prizes of £500, £250, and £100 respectively, and as they could not or would not understand that our heart was bursting with love of humanity and Nature, we parted, amid scenes of violence which our well-bred pen hesitates to describe.

The Bystanders.

"I'll take the place—but that must go"

Younger and Older

Three Sons and A Parent Each

Tunbridge

Captain John Drury-Lowe and Patrick

Patrick Drury-Lowe was born in 1931, and lives sometimes with his grandparents in Derbyshire, and sometimes with his father in Gloucester Place: the latter is in the Scots Guards. The young man's mother is now Mrs. Quintin Gilbey; before her first marriage she was Rosemary Hope-Vere

Tunbridge

Viscountess Tiverton and Her Son, Adam

Lady Tiverton was Ismay Crichton-Stewart before she married the Earl of Halsbury's son in 1930. Son and heir Adam Edward Giffard was born last year, and was photographed with his mother at home in Oakley Crescent, Chelsea

Lenare

The Countess of Inchcape and Simon

Left: a new portrait of Lady Inchcape and her son, Simon Brooke Mackay, who was another of last year's arrivals. Lady Inchcape married Lord Inchcape, as his second wife, in 1933, and is the eldest daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak. Lord Inchcape has three sons and an ex-débutante daughter, Lady Patricia Mackay, by his first wife

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

FOR another twelve months we have finished Happy-New-Yearing each other. A similar period elapses before we send out Christmas cards, always nice and early, too, in the hopes that a present will return with a rapidity which speaks volumes for the efficiency of the English postal service. But here a hint will not be amiss—don't send out your cards with only halfpenny stamps on the envelopes, for it is not at all impressive.

CHRISTMAS greetings which I have received included a dozen of champagne in return for one card (the old trick was well worth while), a picture of Buckingham Palace from the Editor, suitably inlaid portraits of themselves (with children, if any) of Mrs. McCorquodale, the Mark Ostrers, Mr. Ernest Thornton Smith (inset on a background of Seager's gin bottles, with Cotoneaster holding a watching brief on the flank), and Mr. Ivor Newton, the famous accompanist.

MR. ESKDALE FISHBURN emulates John Masefield and tells us all about ships, but nothing about Miss Bunting Stevenson; the Marquess of Donegall sends a gramophone record of a dance band directed by himself, which has to be heard to be believed. Several cards must have got lost in the post, presumably those of Lady Castlerosse, Lady Dashwood, Lady Stanley . . . and, of course, those anonymous ones have turned up, with the usual polite remarks on them for my future welfare.

BUT I must say that the rather erratic Christmas mails have not helped my post-box too much. I have found it awfully difficult to get news of all the kiddish larking which must have been going on in the greater country houses of to-day.

Welbeck, Chatsworth, Clumber, and Belvoir maintain a strict silence. From Vaynol I hear nothing except a word of chastisement from Miss Olga Lynn for saying that her next Aeolus concert is on the 19th, whereas it is on the 24th, with Horowitz playing.

At Cherkley, Lord Beaverbrook has entertained a strictly family party, with such old friends as Lord Castlerosse and Sir James Dunn in addition. The latter is just off to Canada on one of his very many visits.

I CAN get very little real news from St. Moritz at the moment, but what a gala week you will have when my correspondents have recovered from their Christmas festivities. Snow-girls, out-door-sport girls, and indoor-sport-girls (who excel at thés-dansants and decorate the bar from 6 till 9 p.m.), must all club together in the common cause of brightening these pages.

THERE are some interesting pieces of ecclesiastical news, some of which seems relevant at this season of the year. The new Bishop of Dover, the Rev. A. C. W. Rose, formerly Vicar of Brighton, will be consecrated at Canterbury

Embassy Views—the Hornbys

Lady Veronica Hornby, with orchids in her hair and wearing what was about the best dress of the week, is having supper at the Embassy with her husband

Embassy Views—the Portarlingtons

Another Embassy supper-time sketch is of Lord Portarlington, with his wife, whose ermine-clad shoulder can be seen

Mrs. Quintin Gilbey

Was at the Ten Bob Dance at Covent Garden before Christmas with Mrs. Eustace Storey's party

St. Moritz Bulletin

Here is the first camera news of the English contingent of winter-sportsmen who departed for the snow before Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Dewar worked off their turkey and plum-pudding (if any) on skis

Yorkshire Christmas—Lord and Lady Halifax's Party

Lord and Lady Halifax had a more or less family party staying at Garrowby Hall; with them in the group are their daughter, the Hon. Anne Wood, their three sons, Charles, Peter, and Richard; Lord and Lady Iveagh and their two younger daughters, Lady Patricia and Lady Brigid Guinness; Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Dorothy Meynell and three of their children, Dorothy, Rachel, and Hugo Meynell; Lady Wolseley; and Miss Margaret Sutton, Lord Halifax's niece

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Cathedral on New Year's Day. There will be an address given by the late Bishop of Bloemfontein. Those who visit the popular South Coast resort, if only for a Sunday, and our South African readers especially, should be interested in this event. And I note that Chester is to have a new Rural Dean, in the person of the Rev. A. C. Dixon, Rector of Thornton-le-Moors.

TALKING of Chester reminds me that the Duke of Westminster has had some excellent shooting, both at Eaton and on his Welsh estate, and has now gone to hunt the wild boar in the forests round Dieppe.

LET us admit that Christmas seems now designed to please human beings in this order: 1. children; 2. domestic staff; 3. Mr. and Mrs. Everyman. But the last-named have the laugh when it comes to the pantomimes, which are supposed to be written for children, unless you take them to something like *Buckie's Bears*, which is completely innocent of the humour of Naughton and Gold and their confederates. There are not a great number of pantomime-stories from which to choose, it seems. The Lyceum and Drury Lane swap over each year, *Cinderella* and *Dick Whittington*, with *Aladdin* to change the bowling sometimes. Douglas Byng is the expert upon the traditional lyrics of pantomime, which never alter, viz.:

"Oh, London, London, you look so dark and drear,
In this mighty city, I 've but one friend here."

Quite a number of people find that they can easily omit the word "one."

THE musical world is generally rather quiet from the middle of December until the middle of January, but yesterday there started a fortnight of Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall, to fill in the gap. Sir Henry Wood will be the conductor; let us once more award him an olive branch for the wonderful work which he accomplishes in the cause of music in England.

On Boxing Day all the principal opera houses in Italy opened, including the famous La Scala, Milan. Those who visit Sestrières for the ski-ing would do well to go to Milan for a couple of days to hear the opera. It sounds so very chic to remark in the foyer at Covent Garden, "Yes, but I heard it at La Scala last winter."

Which reminds me that Mr. Francis Toye, probably one of the greatest living authorities on Italian opera (not only because he has a villa at Portofino), has gone to Rome to hear some new operas, which we shall hear all about on his return. I expect he will also have some new dishes for M. Boulestin, of whose restaurant he is a director.

A LETTER has just come from St. Moritz, telling of the midnight picnic-party organised by the Corviglia Ski Club. The ski-ers were conducted by guides, with the aid of flares, down the mountain-side; the more sensible members, including Lady Deterding and the Duc de Sangro, descended by funicular, but bolder members of the party, including the secretary of Corviglia, Captain d'Arcy Rutherford, Lord Warwick, Mr. Leonard Govett, and Mr. Hamar Bagnall, came on skis. I have just looked up the files of the corresponding event last year: there is no change to report.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

MR. RAYMOND DE TRAFFORD is back from his trip to Australia and we saw him the other night having supper unchanged. Another in same attire was Sir Paul Latham, probably having just escaped from the House of Commons. Among those changed we saw Major Tim Nugent, at the same table as Admiral Sir Basil Brooke. Mrs. Wessel with her lovely grey hair, but no daughters this time, was another we saw that evening, and Miss Helen Greg, whom we haven't seen about for ages. She has a habit of rushing off abroad for months on end, so maybe that 's the reason we haven't bumped into her.

WE wonder how many brides will follow the fashion started by Miss Jacqueline Castellani of having their weddings at 5 p.m. One advantage of it in the winter is that women don't get caught out by night light at the reception with a day-time "face" on. It was an attractive wedding, and the bride looked lovely; and so did her attendants, in white and scarlet. Many ushers rushed forward to escort Mrs. Charles Sweeny to a pew as soon as they caught sight of her grey-clad figure. Miss Degna Marconi, in black velvet, was another attractive guest. Scores of Lampsons, of course, and Ruthvens and ex-Ruthvens were to be

A Débutantes' Ball at Panshanger—Lord and Lady Desborough's Party

Lord and Lady Desborough's ball for their step-granddaughter, Joy Salmond, and Lady Desborough's god-daughter, Cressida Bonham-Carter, was the first big event for the 1935 débutantes. Above are some of the Desboroughs' house-party at Panshanger, Hertfordshire, where the dance was held; the party included Marshall of the R.A.F. Sir John Salmond, Joy Salmond's father, and the Hon. Lady Salmond, Beatrice Grosvenor, Laura Herbert, Sarah Churchill, Pen Salmond, Lord Oxford, Cressida Bonham-Carter's cousin, Lord Elcho, Lord Herbert, William Astor, Martin Charteris, and Tom Mitford

seen, plus and minus husbands. Mrs. Ronnie Greville lent her house in Charles Street for the reception, which was a cocktail-party as well. In fact, any kind of drink you liked to mention was easily obtained. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Kyril of Russia brought the Grand Duchess Kyra with them. We hope she noticed the difference between an ordinary person's wedding and a royal wedding. The place was naturally stiff with foreign Ministers, as well as all the usual people who go to every wedding and still continue to say they *loathe* weddings. "*So* depressing, my dear; I always feel I want to weep." It's all affectation. They adore them really.

THE polo world was well represented at Miss Mary Crossman's wedding to Captain Hurrell by Colonel Lockett, Colonel Melville and Captain Peter Dollar; and Mrs. Jack Shaw was one of a contingent from Yorkshire. Another was Mrs. Charles Wainman, who brought her husband. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane we saw, in a grey fur coat, talking to one, or probably both, of the Garrard twins. They still madden us to a frenzy because we never know if we have seen one or both in the room. Mrs. Wellesley Wesley was looking particularly charming that day, and so was Mrs. Henry Illingworth, who came with her husband. An ignorant woman, on passing the wedding cake, saw on it the skull and cross-bones in sugar, and remarked that the bridegroom *must* be a doctor!

VARIOUS people were seen doing last-minute shopping just before going away for Christmas, such as the Duke and Duchess of York, who seemed to be comparatively unnoticed as they hurried about in Fortnums. Lady Neville Pearson and her actor son, Mr. John Buckmaster, wrapped tightly in a jaeger coat, were others we saw. Lord Beatty couldn't wait for his car to sort itself out in a traffic jam, so leapt into the roaring thoroughfare, hoping for the best. God was on his side, and he is still with us. Sir John Hird crept into Solomons, either for the purpose of bunching himself or bunching a girl friend—the latter probably being the more likely—or, for all we know, to do a job for the Prince of Wales. Anyhow, there he was.

Right: Lord and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton were photographed on board the Majestic before they landed at Southampton. All the cross-Atlantic liners were delayed by gales on their pre-Christmas trips, and the home-coming passengers were wondering whether they'd arrive in time

Home in Time

AT the Savoy the other night we saw a lot of people who assured us they were just about to leave London, as they always do this time of year! The Brinsley Plunkets were there in a party with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Davidson, she wearing her favourite midnight blue; Miss Alicia Browne, lovely in white; and Mr. Mark Ogilvie Grant, who spent more of the evening talking to Miss Kitty Dunn than dancing on the floor. Lady Lisburne, in pale pink, was dancing with Colonel James Horlick at one moment. Her daughter, Lady Gloria Vaughan, was also with her. At a large table was Miss Cicely Courtneidge, Mr. Ivor Maclaren, and Miss Diana Wynyard, who, earlier in the evening, had given her performance of *Sweet Aloes* in front of the Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Another person we saw at the Savoy was Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, tête-à-tête with Mr. Edward Underdown. In a "boys'" party was Mr. Derek Morley, who is always everywhere these days. Lady Charles Cavendish was another who didn't escape our notice, and so was Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, who is just off on her annual visit to Switzerland.

MRS. PEEPS

A Charity "Do"

The Dinner-Party in Aid of the Prince of Wales's General Hospital

Photographs by Swaebe

(1) A group at Grosvenor House, where the party was held, which includes Mrs. de Winton Wills, the chairman (centre), Sir Albert Barratt, chairman of the hospital, who made a donation of £5000 (on her left), Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas, and Mr. E. N. Whitworth, chairman of the hospital's finance committee, and Mrs. Whitworth

(2) Lady Oranmore and Browne, Mr. Philip Kindersley, whose wife was a vice-chairman, and Mrs. Essex Drury were in a party together

(3) Sir Richard Sykes, Mrs. Simon Combe and Commander Dugdale were in a party with the Jerseys and Plunkets, who were helping to run the dinner

(4) Count Schaffgotsch talking to Lady Jersey, a vice-chairman. She and her husband have been staying in Wales for Christmas with Sir Michael Duff

(5) Lady Moira Combe, Mrs. FitzClarence and Lady Dalkeith working off some female talk in the "shall we join the ladies?" interval

Left: *Nora and Phyllis Swinburne*

The Swinburne sisters have an attractive pair of smiling faces between them. They are both at the Vaudeville at the moment, Nora playing lead with Owen Nares and Ursula Jeans in "Lovers' Leap," and sister Phyllis understudying Ursula Jeans. Nora Swinburne is now Mrs. Edward Ashley Cooper in private life; she was married a week or two ago

Dorothy Wilding

It's in the Family

Sisters with Their Share of Talent

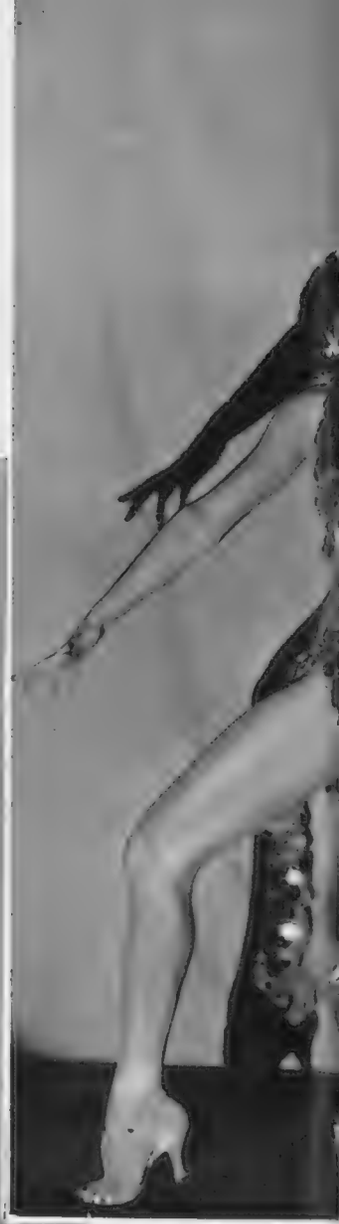
Right: *Alice Markova and Doris Barry*

A new portrait of the Vic.-Wells ballerina and her sister, who is at present appearing in Revudeville at the Windmill Theatre. Markova is one of the finest dancers England has contributed to the ballet; her performances with the Vic.-Wells Company this season have been as meat and drink to many a balletomane until the Ballets Russes come back again

Kay Vaughan

A Venus for the Modern Eye . . .

La Jana, the Lovely Viennese Dancer in "Streamline"



THERE is many between the Ve type of beauty of supreme example. the lovely proport slender, supple body than those Grecian eye, which has been "streamline" as

LA JANA is Viennese born and bred. She is a trained ballet dancer, takes her work very seriously, practising two or three hours every day, and going through all the ballet-school routine. She has danced in Berlin, at the State Opera, and in Vienna; her last Continental engagement was in Rienhardt's production of "La Belle Hélène," in which she appeared as Venus. She has danced in England once before, in cabaret at Ciro's. It was in Vienna that C. B. Cochran saw her, and engaged her for "Streamline." She composes all her own dances; the name "La Femme et Le Pantin" was chosen by Cochran himself for her "Streamline" number

a hundred years
us de Milo and the
which La Jana is a
Her lithe grace and
ions of her strong,
are far more relevant
curves to the modern
conditioned to accept
its ideal of form

Photographs by John Everard

HER FACE ALWAYS MAKES A GOOD PICTURE

Joan Crawford, justly described as a "glamour girl," has the third most-photographed and caricatured face in the screen world, Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich heading the list. Her eyes, her mouth, her personality are a hundred per cent. Hollywood, and their value in celluloid is considerable. She is at work at the moment on a film called "Reckless" (somehow or other, a typical name); she is co-starred with William Powell, with Franchot Tone to complete the triangle. Her last picture, "Chained," will be generally released in a fortnight

A Racing Reverie

New Year Resolutions

By "Regular"

Here is father "Steve" Donoghue, photogaphed in the grounds of the Miami Biltmore Hotel, Florida. Also in the picture is Mrs. Dorothy Thomas, who is well known in the racing world

Pat Donoghue, son of the famous "Steve," Mrs. Donoghue, Clive, their 3½-year-old son, and the stable favourite, Anne Grey. Pat Donoghue has opened a training establishment at Epsom, and will race his charges under Pony Turf Club rules

HAVE any of you made a New Year resolution and kept it the whole year? Not likely! New Year resolutions are made to be broken. The end of the first week sees most of them go west, and although a few strong-minded people retain theirs intact till the end of the month, they are very much in the minority.

NEVERTHELESS, we wouldn't dream of letting a year pass without indulging in a few pious restrictions, and it is always a packet of fun to think of excellent ones for our fellow-creatures.

MY own resolutions are to lose less frequently but with better grace, and to be more outspoken than ever in the columns of the BYSTANDER. [Not on your sweet life you won't!—EDITOR.] I wonder how long it will be before a short-head defeat causes me to give vent to some very wicked words? And although the second part of my resolution is far easier to keep, every member of a cautious editorial staff is armed with a blue pencil, with instructions to be careful of Uncle Regular.

DURING 1935 I hope that I shall be allowed to speak my mind more freely than ever. I am thankful to say that although I have very many friends in the racing world, there is not a soul to whom I am beholden in any way; and I shall criticise just as freely the running of my friends' horses as those belonging to total strangers.

FURTHERMORE, if I have any money—which is very doubtful—I shall have not the slightest compunction in bidding for, or claiming, anyone's plater, and I don't care two hoots if the Guv'nor wants it back or not. I shall also allude to every case of stopping I see, no matter to whom the horse belongs. Unfortunately, the law of libel will not permit my mentioning any names, but it will give my readers a lot of fun trying to read between the lines.

LASTLY, let me tell you that it's only waste of breath to come up to me and say that you're going to wring my neck, as you know perfectly well that you're going to do nothing of the sort.

Now for a few resolutions for other people. May the jockeys pull nothing more serious than a cracker, and will they please ride their horses out for places? May the trainers be less optimistic—not even millionaire owners are rich enough to afford an optimistic trainer—and will the Newmarket trainers please speak more kindly of Mr. Marriott?

WILL owners remember that the fact that their horses are not winning races does not necessarily mean that their trainers and jockeys are incompetent? It's just possible the horses aren't good enough. And will bookmakers lay us slightly longer odds?

WILL you backers remember that when you are temporarily embarrassed and can't settle, you must either write to your bookmaker or go and see him and explain the situation? It's a million to one you'll find him charming and quite ready to give you time. If, on the other hand, you ignore his letters and cut him when you see him, it serves you damn well right if he posts you before Tattersalls.

HAVING made the customary beasts of ourselves over Christmas, it was great fun to find ourselves at Kempton on Boxing Day, where the weather was as balmy as late April, or us punters who try to back winners jumping.

MOST of the usual people seemed to be there. It would take a very tough turkey, followed by an extremely indigestible mince-pie, to keep our blondes away when there is a Park meeting near London, and they were well represented by Mrs. Rank, Mrs. "Boy" Wilson, and Mrs. John Mason.

INCIDENTALLY, the Ranks won the big race with their very promising young horse, Lacatoi, which made a lot of people very happy, as the Ranks are very open about their horses, and Lacatoi started favourite. I watched this race down the course, and, approaching a jump, jockeys *do* call one another funny names.

PLEASED as I was to see Lacatoi win, I think he was a trifle lucky to do so, as if the jockey on Cooleen had made his effort a trifle sooner, she must have won. As it was, Cooleen was in front a stride past the post. Lacatoi was superbly ridden by Jack Fawcus, who is riding at the top of his form.

ON the principle that if you back a soldier's horse you're bound to get a run for your money, many of us led off by backing Colonel Halse's Lycurgus. The Colonel's horse duly gave us a run, but he was unable to run as fast as either Kilwhang or Grumbling Ginger. The former won very easily, despite a bad blunder at the last hurdle, and is a very smart plater.

THE sons of Jackdaw are rare stayers and usually as game as a pebble into the bargain, and Choucas is certainly both. In the three-mile hurdle race he was being hard ridden over a mile from home, yet he out-stayed his rivals to win cleverly. I must take off my hat to his jockey, Davey, who must have been a very tired man by the time they reached the winning-post

Capt. Geoffrey Hurrell and Miss Mary Crossman

Capt. Geoffrey Taylor Hurrell, 17th-21st Lancers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hurrell, and Mary Crossman, daughter of the late Mr. Percy Crossman and Mrs. Crossman, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on the Wednesday before Christmas

Mr. Terence Skeffington-Smyth and Miss Isobel McLean

Terence Skeffington-Smyth, eldest son of Col. Skeffington-Smyth and the late Hon. Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth, and Isobel McLean, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Loudon McLean, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The reception was held at Curzon House, Curzon Street

Right: Comte Louis de Brantes, son of General le Marquis and la Marquise de Brantes, and Lady Moira Forbes, the elder of the Earl and Countess of Granard's two daughters, were married over in Ireland, at Clonguish Parish Church, Newton Forbes, on December 20th

A Daughter for the Lister Hartleys

Mr. and Mrs. W. Lister Hartley's daughter, Marilyn, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, a week before Christmas. Mr. Hartley, who is the British international golfer, is holding his daughter; Mrs. Hartley is holding the hand of Christopher, their small son

Charlotte Louise de Bathe is Christened

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher de Bathe leaving St. Michael's, Chester Square, after the ceremony. Their daughter, who was named Charlotte Louise, had Princess Marie Louise, and Sir George Clerk, the British Ambassador in Paris, as two of her five godparents

Pre-Christmas Weddings and Christenings

A Busy Week of Going to Church

Comte Louis de Brantes and Lady Moira Forbes

Mr. Ronald Higham and the Hon. Barbara Brand

Ronald Harry Higham and Viscount and Viscountess Hampden's second daughter, Barbara Brand, also chose December 19th for their wedding, which took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, with a reception at 2, Grosvenor Place

The Hon. Michael and Lady Amy Biddulph and Their Son

Edward Sidney Biddulph, the Hon. Michael and Lady Amy Biddulph's second son, was also christened at St. Michael's, Chester Square. He is a grandson of Lord Biddulph and a nephew of the Earl of Normanton

The Hughes-Onslow—Brudenell-Bruce Wedding

Lt.-Com. Reginald Hughes-Onslow, R.N. (ret.), of Balkissock, Ballantrae, Ayrshire, and Miss Daphne Helen Amy Brudenell-Bruce, only daughter of Col. R. H. Brudenell-Bruce, and of the late Mrs. Brudenell-Bruce, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after the wedding

Lord and Lady Munster sat at the "high table" at the vast Inaugural Luncheon at Olympia which Bertram Mills always gives on the first day of the Circus. Nearly twelve hundred and fifty lunches are served with lightning rapidity

Above: Col. the Hon. Freddy Cripps and Lady Warwick were two more of the two hundred and twenty-two guests at the big table

Left: Lady Ebbisham seen sitting next to Lord Horder

Below: Alderman Sir Stephen Killik, the Lord Mayor of London, one of the guests of honour, and Lady Londonderry

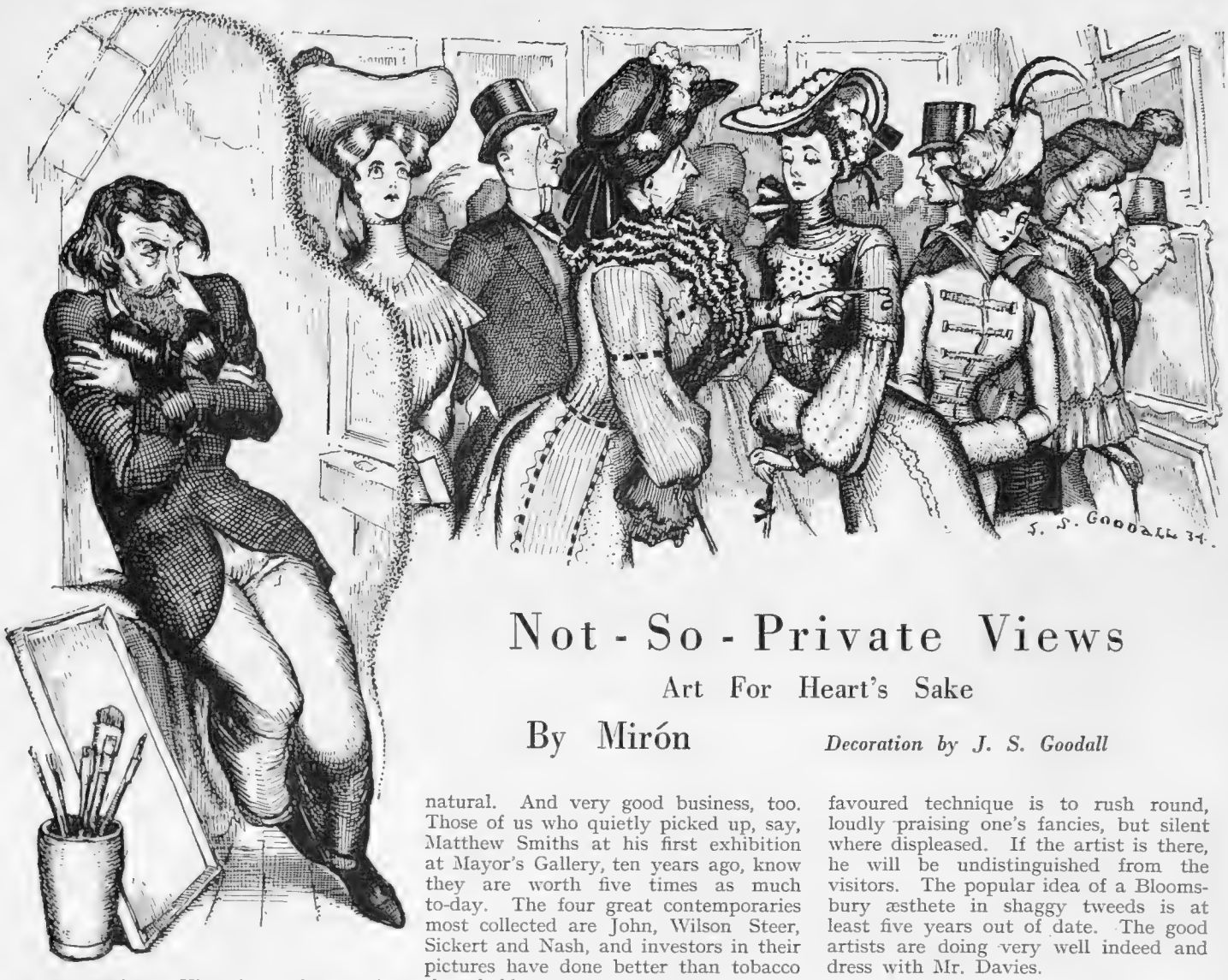
Left: the Duchess of Beaufort talking to Lord Daresbury, who is the vice-president of the Circus

At Olympian Tables

Bertram Mills' Annual Circus Lunch-Party

Below: Sir Robert Wright, the great agricultural expert, and Lady Pamela Smith, whose sister, Lady Eleanor Smith, has written the "Who's Who" of all the performers in the Circus programme

Below, right: Mrs. Bernard Mills, wife of one of Bertram Mills' two equally circus-minded sons, and Lord Birkenhead



Not-So-Private Views

Art For Heart's Sake

By Mirón

Decoration by J. S. Goodall

THE Private View is no longer the Cinderella of minor social functions, a dim occasion when befurred monsters stalked round, catalogue in hand, making loud and impossible remarks in shrill, well-bred voices (the Edwardians were so high-pitched), while the trembling artist, hiding behind the roll-top desk, shrunk into himself as these insults reached him through the air. Before him the little box of red "sold" stickers lay unopened. These remarks were made by dowagers whose sole and fleeting contact with Art had been a scamper round Florence at the finishing-school, where they learnt post-Ruskin snatches, such as "I like the movement in the waves . . . the expression is so good, so expressive, don't you think?" One could overhear even sillier remarks at a View than at a Hunt ball.

BUT now all is changed, la crise est finie, and there is a new ferment in young Mayfair; the art-dealers know it, the social writers have sensed it ("fancy seeing her here!"), and quite nice people are collecting to cover those bare walls, bared in reaction from the old-time thick confusion of canvases, family water-colours, and yellowed silver-prints of Italian scenes. Now that the doubtful benefits of tubular lights and chromium seats have reached the new suburbs, this reversion to the old dilettante connoisseurship is perfectly natural. And very good business, too. Those of us who quietly picked up, say, Matthew Smiths at his first exhibition at Mayor's Gallery, ten years ago, know they are worth five times as much to-day. The four great contemporaries most collected are John, Wilson Steer, Sickert and Nash, and investors in their pictures have done better than tobacco share-holders.

But those who bought the ordinary Academy-type picture ten years ago, would be lucky if their value were only halved in the sale-room. The great critic and artist, Jacques Blanche, once made an amusing analysis of two hypothetical collections, one made from a typical Salon of the 'seventies, the other from the glorious French painters of that time who were officially ignored. The former "collector" would have seen his values disappear, the latter would have made an enormous fortune. The Paris Salon was no worse than our Academy, which becomes more and more unrepresentative, largely because most of our serious artists refuse to give the Academy any chance to accept their work. This sort of inverted snobbism is very unfair to the Academy.

THERE are more people at the Private Views than ever, though the true collector would avoid that particular occasion, and an autumn "day" at the Leicester Galleries, Tooth's, Mayor's, Lefevre, or Agnew's is as good as a party. At the Epstein show a queue had formed early, to the astonishment of the gallery manager. Another big show was that of Sickert, the Grand Old Man of English Painting, at the Leicester. These Views are most social when a (sociable) one-man show is being held. Richard Wyndham's, for example. The best moment is after lunch, when the favoured technique is to rush round, loudly praising one's fancies, but silent where displeased. If the artist is there, he will be undistinguished from the visitors. The popular idea of a Bloomsbury æsthete in shaggy tweeds is at least five years out of date. The good artists are doing very well indeed and dress with Mr. Davies.

THERE are two kinds of collectors. Mrs. Chester Beatty is collecting Matisse, Renoir, van Gogh, the classics of the "modern" French school. Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P., has a lovely Degas, among other treasures. The collections of Sir Evan Charteris, Lord Sandwich, Lord Ivor Churchill, Mr. Eddie Marsh, and Lord Berners (who has six enchanting Corots) are well known. Lord Derwent is quietly exercising his cultivated judgment. The other collectors are supporting our contemporary artists, like Sir Michael Sadleir, one of the biggest buyers of the modern, Captain Euan Wallace, M.P., whose house is decorated with Rex Whistlers, and Sir Philip Sassoon. Mr. Sam Courtauld has a miniature Tate Gallery of his own, and there does not seem room in his house for one more treasure—it is the finest modern French collection in the country. People prefer romantic landscapes and still-lifes, not too large for the diminutive rooms of 1934. You can buy charming pictures, full of feeling, from most of the rising men from £40 up, and share also in the probable appreciation in values. The provinces have at last learned, by the sad lesson of the sale-room test, that it does not pay to sink some of the family fortune in pretty-pretty pictures from Burlington House ("I know what I like"). Those frightful battle-scenes and classical "alley-gories," as they were popularly known, which the

(*Continued on page* ii)

The Little Shirley Temple

Shirley Temple, 1934's most famous child star, has made a new picture, from which this photograph of her and the dog comes. It is called "Bright Eyes," and will be on show in London before long. The five-year-old precocity is under contract to Fox

• FILMS of the DAY

The Colour Question

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"RADIO PARADE OF 1935" is a remarkable picture, not merely, or even chiefly, because practically all the best-known British radio and variety stars are in the cast, but because it contains two prophecies: television and colour, and actually attempts to realise the latter.

The idea of making a broadcasting station the excuse for an infinite variety of "turns" is not an entirely new one, but it is utilised in this case with verve and ingenuity, liveliness, and an abundance of English humour, and there is actually a story, in light vein, but something more than the conventional links for disjointed sequences, since it is based on the character and enterprise of the compère, variously described (by himself) as "the master mind," and by others as "conceited young pup," brilliantly and irrepressibly played by Clifford Mollison.

SCENE: The N.B.G. (National Broadcasting Group!), Radio House (Director-General: Will Hay. Complaints Manager: Clifford Mollison), demonstrating by showing a series of artists before the microphone (quite good burlesque) how bad their programmes are. Jimmy Clare persuades the chief to make him Programme Manager, to the horror of all the "Yes-men." He arranges and publicises a spectacular programme. Rehearsals provide some quite good turns and bright music, with comedy interludes. Head of the Theatre Trust (Alfred Drayton) has all the artists under contract and forbids them to broadcast at the last moment. Jimmy is sacked, but announces a sensation for the next night, and the chief's daughter (Helen Chandler), acting as his secretary, helps him to help himself.

They discover a plethora of talent among the staff—this is where the real stars appear, including Nellie Wallace and Lily Morris, in a charlady act. A professor, who has waited for weeks to "see *someone*," kept at bay by Sergeant Billy Bennett, demonstrates his world-shaking inventions, television and colour, and the great novelty show is put on by means of screens at the back of motor-vans in all the "great open spaces" of London, to the enthusiastic acclamation of vast crowds of listeners and lookers.

You see the opportunities?

The first and last items of the programme are big spectacle numbers, done by the Dufay Colour System. If not quite up to the Busby Berkeley standard, they are, nevertheless ambitious, and there are plenty of "lovelies" in action almost as undressed as those in the American's "arrangements." The colour, though obviously capable of improvement, is more technically advanced than were the first sound-effects.

One of these mass colour-scenes opens with a negro chorus called "Black Shadows" which argues the other "colour question."

THIS seems to be in the air, as it is one of the two main themes in *Imitation of Life*, the picture made from Fannie Hurst's novel, in which Claudette Colbert (prettier than ever) plays the chief part. She is a young widow with a little daughter, struggling to make a living by selling maple sugar. There comes to her, Delilah, as maid of all work, a coloured woman with a little daughter who has not inherited her black skin. Both women suffer from mother-love in excelsis. Delilah has a "secret" for making extra-special pancakes. Eventually they set up in business and make a fortune out of "Aunt Delilah's Pancake Flour."

Rich and lovely Bea Pullman loves and is loved by Stephen Archer (Warren Williams). Her daughter is away at school. Delilah's daughter resents her black blood, runs away, and repudiates her adoring mother, who thereupon takes to her bed and dies at inconvenient intervals, interrupting several promising love-scenes. Bea's daughter returns from school and falls in love with the student of fishes whom her mother is going to marry. After Delilah has been buried with suitable splendour, as she wished, in a white velvet hearse, and the daughter has repented, Bea sends her handsome ichthyologist away, because their marriage would come between her and her cheeild! Not my idea of entertainment, but then I am more interested in the Dufay aspect of the colour question!

Ned Sparks is humorous, in his specialised, coaky monotone, as the friend whose advice in two words, "Box it," laid the foundation of the fortune in flour. Claudette Colbert wears ravishing clothes and is "sweet as pie" but does not look like a woman abandoned to motherhood.

IN *Cheating Cheaters*, we have another bigger and better collection of crooks, which starts, like *Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round*, with a fine assembly of them on a liner. Two gangs, each believing the other to be wealthy families possessed of fabulous jewels, establish themselves in neighbouring country-houses and set about mutual despoliation. Complications accumulate, and a love-affair develops between a girl in one gang (Fay Wray) and a boy in the other (Cesar Romero). Both gangs are in fear of a mysterious detective called Ferris. The revelation of Ferris's identity at the end should come as a surprise to the most experienced mystery-solvers.

A Hundred Years Ago

Two Films of the Week

"The Mighty Barnum"—Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou and Rochelle Hudson

Above: Wallace Beery plays P. T. Barnum in the film which started at the London Pavilion yesterday, and gives one of his finest performances. He started life in a circus, so he ought to know. In the picture here he has just been knocked about by the crowd, who think his bearded lady exhibit is a fake. Adolphe Menjou plays Bailey Walsh, the great man's slippery, unreliable partner, and Rochelle Hudson is Ellen, Barnum's ward

Below left: Henry Hull as Magwitch, the escaped convict, forcing Pip to fetch food to the graveyard, where he is hiding. Below are Jane Wyatt as Estella, the girl Pip loves and who loves him, despite the upbringing that has taught her to hate and be cruel to men, and Pip himself (Phillips Holmes) as the blacksmith's apprentice, before he got his legacy. "Great Expectations," which is directed by Stuart Walker, is showing at the Capitol

"Great Expectations"—George Breakston as Pip the boy, and Phillips Holmes as Pip the young man

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Truth and Fiction:

By Alan Thomas

"CHALLENGE TO DEATH" (Constable; 5s.) is a book with over a dozen authors. Viscount Cecil, in a foreword, explains that these writers are "patriotically anxious to do what they can to avert" another war. His own view is that the most formidable obstacle to peace is the force of tradition; but that this obstacle can be overcome by the power of public opinion. In the seventeen chapters that follow the various aspects of the problem are examined.

Storm Jameson tells us: "Over a wide area of Europe the irrational revolt has proved stronger than the promptings of reason." Vernon Bartlett believes that our choice is not between the certainty of peace and the possibility of war, but between the possibility of peace and the certainty of war. Gerald Barry explodes the doctrine of isolation which "for this country and every other is a doctrine of defeat and retrogression." In a chapter that struck me as being full of common sense, Mary Agnes Hamilton speaks of the concessions that each one of us must make in our differing points of view before peace can be secured. Among the other contributors are Vera Brittain, Winifred Holtby, Ivor Brown, Rebecca West, Julian Huxley and J. B. Priestley. Mr. Priestley is characteristically breezy. "Too many people," he says, "who work hard for the cause of international security are dull dogs, who drone on and on and on until nobody knows or cares what they are saying." Here, at any rate, is a book that may be acquitted of the charge. Its authors are of our day. They have all lived through the war. They speak for the living generation and for that lost generation "who died that we might live." Anyone who is not indifferent to the purposes of this book should read it at once. And if there be any who *are* indifferent, they should read it even sooner.

MISS NOEL STREATFIELD'S new book, *Shepherdess of Sheep* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), irritated me. But the irritation was more than counterbalanced by the book's virtues, which include a good tale, briskly told, some excellent children's portraits, and a very attractive heroine with the appalling name of Sarah Onion. She is the shepherdess, a children's governess, one of the pre-war kind who took to governessing generally, with little or no qualifications, because it was a fitting employment for indigent young ladies. Sarah Onion, at the age of nineteen, became governess to the Lane children and for twelve years she gave up her life to them. And that is the cause of my irritation. "Self-sacrifice," as the publisher's wrapper tells us, "is a noble thing," but if Sarah was the kind of girl I think Miss Streatfield intended to make her, I am not convinced that, simply because she believed that she was indispensable to the children under her care, she would have thrown over the nice young doctor who wanted to marry her. It is true that Miss Streatfield does rather load the dice against the young man. The children's mother dies and leaves Sarah a letter imploring her not to forsake her charges, especially the youngest, who is mentally abnormal. The war comes; the father goes to France, and Sarah is left to run the household. Then, with peace and a return to normal life, Sarah feels she can leave and marry. But she finds that if she goes the children will be handed over to a hated grandmother and the idiot child sent to a mental home. So Sarah stays, and it is the young man who goes. Her decision seemed to me to be against all probability and difficult to square with her common sense and unsentimental outlook. But she pays for her sacrifice. For with the death of the youngest, the Lane children no longer need her, and the story closes with Sarah on the steps of an employment agency.

There are some unforgettable passages in the book. I thought the description of Mrs. Lane's death particularly horrific.

Monica Redlich

The author of "Consenting Party," a new novel, which will be found reviewed on this page

FOR light reading I can thoroughly recommend *Consenting Party*, by Monica Redlich (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)—light being the operative word both for the novel and for the people in it.

The story centres round a young lady who is given to saying "yes" with rather more rapidity than judgment. And when young ladies who are young and pretty—as Nicky Vane was—say "yes," things usually happen. They happened in her case. The gentleman in question was a married man with a passion for taking medicine and for keeping out of draughts. His name was Adrian. His nickname might very well have been Vapex. How on earth a girl like Nicky could possibly—but there 's no accounting for love. Anyway, it didn't last. How could it? In addition to Adrian there was Giles Allardyce, a tongue-tied bachelor, keen on games and all that. He was all right so long as it was perfectly understood that he and Nicky were not engaged. But whenever they got engaged life would suddenly become too much for Giles. He would find that he had sort of been thinkin' things over and . . . well, frankly. . . . And the engagement would be off. "Anyway," as he observed on the final occasion, "nobody can say we haven't tried."

The wise man of the story is Luttrell Vane, Nicky's father. He is one of the I 'm-here-whenever-you-want-me type, and Nicky finds in him an unexpected friend.

Not for one moment could I bring myself to believe in any of the characters in this book. Not for one moment did I cease to be entertained by them. There are occasions when Miss Redlich strives rather too obviously and quite unnecessarily after effect (*e.g.*, in the use of certain vulgar expressions which Adrian is made to utter). But her writing is good and lively, and she consistently maintains the reader's interest.

THOSE about to ski—whether experts or beginners—may like to know of a little book that has just been published entitled *Ski-ing Exercises*, by Margaret Morris and Hans Falkner (Methuen; 5s.). The object of the book is to teach exercises that can and, indeed, ought to be done before you go abroad, so as to get the muscles and the body generally into proper trim. There would, perhaps, be little pretext for drawing attention to a manual of exercises. But the authors in this case are my excuse. Of Hans Falkner, who is the Director of the Ober-Gurgl School of Ski-ing, it is written that in every small pupil he sees a possible ski-ing champion who, by his skill, courage and endurance, may bring honour and glory to his school, his village, his valley and his Heimatland. That seems to me to be the right spirit in which to tackle your subject. And as for the other author, *the* Margaret Morris, her name alone on a book of this kind provides me with more than an excuse for mentioning it.

Incidentally, for each exercise a reference is given to a gramophone record of Schubert's music, suitable to the particular movements. Exercises indeed without tears!

FASHION AS IT FLIES . . .

By ELIZABETH

The vogue for rich and gleaming materials cut on simple lines prevails. The frock pictured is yet another example of the pencil silhouette, and may be seen in Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is of white satin with a modified train in lattice-work tulle and satin. The neck is cut low at the back, and has crossway straps which meet in the centre with a diamanté buckle

Lenare

A Little Dress and Country Coat

Accessories in striking contrast, and fringed edges are points of interest. A scarlet belt will relieve a plain black frock, or again, for evening, a green dress will be worn with a purple cloak. Fringed edges are introduced on coats and frocks alike. For evening they are long and break up the hem-line, and for day they are short and form a trimming for collars, cuffs, and pockets

Clothes for the country or for the Riviera may be seen at Margaret Barry's, 64, New Bond Street. The frock pictured is of a new material that has many of the attributes of cloqué but does not belong to that category. A gay note is introduced in the coral velvet belt, scarf and hat which is of the caubeen character

This wrap coat for country wear is from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is of fine Linton Cumberland homespun, and is distinguished by its attractive cape collar edged with a curled fringe of the same material. In the season's newest colours, including Marina green, it is priced at 8½ guineas

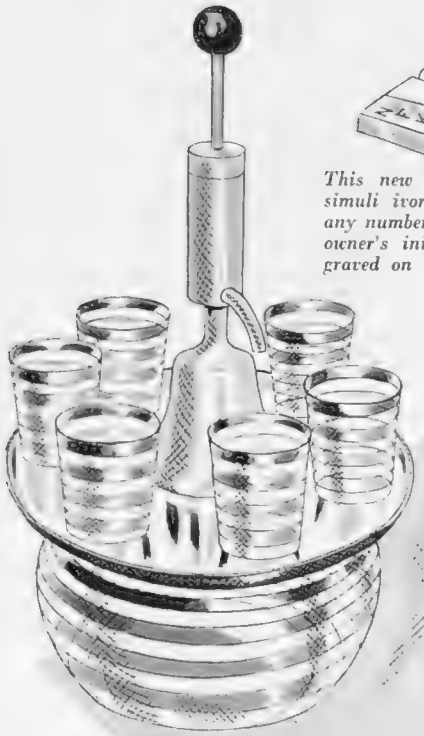
Photos by Lenare

THE BYSTANDER TWINS *in search of* NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta; Pictured by Pam.

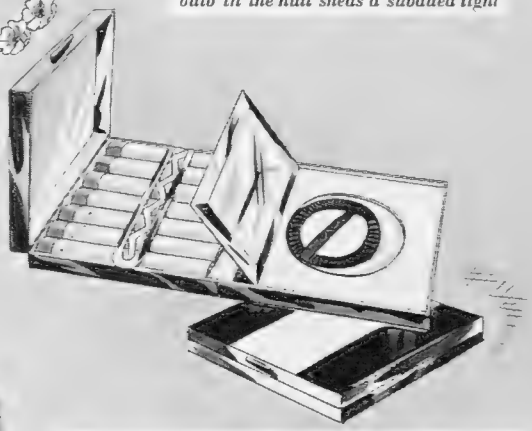
This new key-holder is of simuli ivory. It will hold any number of keys, and the owner's initials can be engraved on the metal plaque

This galleon lamp is a new and decorative table-centre from Harrods, Knightsbridge. The ship is entirely built of chromium, while an electric bulb in the hull sheds a subdued light

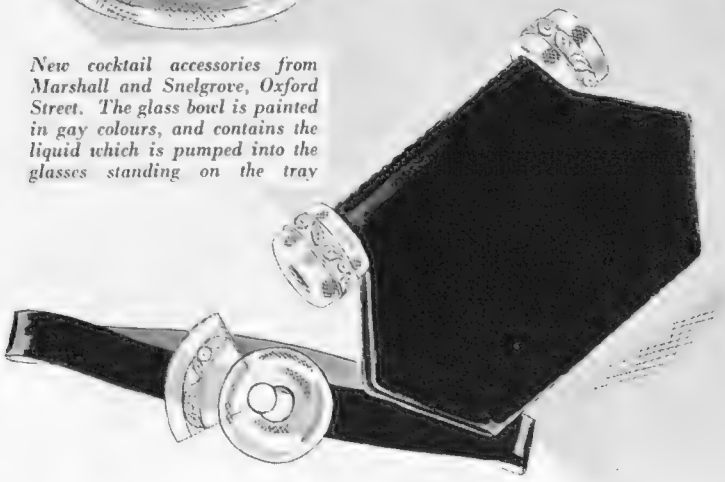


New cocktail accessories from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. The glass bowl is painted in gay colours, and contains the liquid which is pumped into the glasses standing on the tray

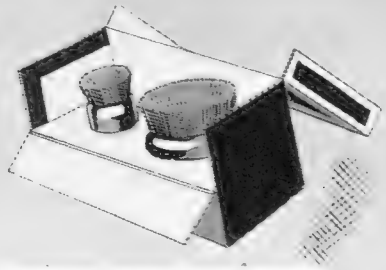
Jay's, Regent Street, are showing this lovely necklace. The gilt flowers have jewelled centres, and are interwoven on crystals



The Elfin Duplex case combines cigarettes and powder in a minimum of space. The cigarettes slip under the powder, and the whole thing folds up into a flat box suitable for the average handbag



The accessories pictured are from the White House, Bond Street. The new suède bag has an air of "chic" about it, and is distinguished by its unusual galalique clasp, while the belt is in perfect harmony

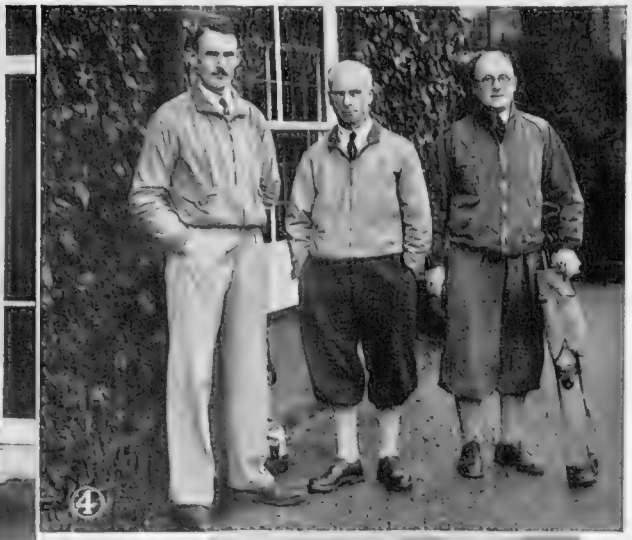


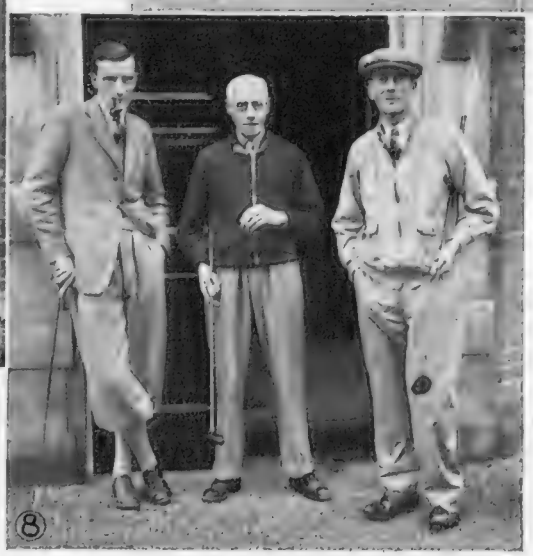
Elizabeth Arden is showing attractive brushes in soft squirrel hair for blending powder or dry rouge. These are sold in coloured sets of two

HERE are some new ideas in clocks. Among the most original is the Electric Globe clock. It has the dial printed on a metal band which encircles the globe. By means of a silver indicator, it is possible to ascertain at a glance the hour in all parts of the world. Equally novel are the enamel flapjacks which have a miniature clock cleverly secreted in the lid, while a skeleton motor-car in coloured metal has a clock on the door

Golf Clubs at Home

Selsdon Park, Surrey





(1) Back row: C. C. K. Collier, Dr. A. Marsh, J. Falletti, L. Lewis, H. Cornish (committee-man). Sitting: H. J. Prest, H. E. Burrell (committee-man), and A. H. Hunt. (2) Dr. J. C. McMillan (committee-man) and E. J. Hansley (committee-man). (3) W. O. Bloom, Jr. and Peter Sheppard (secretary and manager) with Billie. (4) Dr. R. Robertson, T. Maughan, and R. W. W. Parker. (5) H. S. Bandy and H. N. Gerkin. (6) S. A. Smith and F. L. Hart. (7) E. Freeman and H. U. Burke. (8) C. A. Bull A. S. Campbell, and J. H. Blackmore. (9) Dr. D. Robertson, T. Maughan, and R. W. W. Parker

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

1934 in Retrospect

Right: S. Lunt (Moseley) and L. G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle), the winner and runner-up in the English Amateur Championship in 1934

D. H. R. Martin, winner of the President's Putter of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society

Miss Diana Fishwick and her partner, E. Noel Layton, winner of the Sunningdale Open Match-play Foursomes Tournament

As there is at the present time no golf of great importance being played, I think it is a suitable occasion to consider what has happened in the golfing world in the year 1934.

As usual, the first important golf meeting of the year was the competition of the Oxford and Cambridge Society for the President's Putter. D. H. R. Martin, who, in the conditions, played magnificent golf, proved a worthy winner. He defeated R. W. Hartley in the final by five holes up and four to play. Hartley must be accounted very unfortunate to lose, as he played golf which would have pulled him through ninety-nine times out of one hundred. His actual score in the final was an average of only two over fours, and this in the most vile weather conditions—sheets of rain and a strong wind. In the morning, when the semi-finals were played, it blew a real gale, so hard, in fact, that it was not possible to stand upright. On occasions the players made two or three attempts to obtain a stance from which they had any chance of hitting the ball. Martin, who in build, resembles Bobby Jones (I refer to the famous golfer, not the famous jockey, who is also a good golfer), anchored himself to the ground as if no gale existed. I shall never forget his first tee shot against Captain Pearson in the semi-final. The spectators round the tee were being blown hither and thither. Martin walked up to his ball, took a stance as firm as a rock, and hit the ball as clean as a whistle a distance of about 300 yards.

In March, Oxford beat Cambridge by 8½ points to 6½. From what I had seen when playing against the two teams, I expected a close match. Cambridge lost two matches I thought it sure to win, namely J. S. Rowell's single, and the foresome where Rowell was partnered by P. B. M. Wallace. The result of a game of golf, or a 'Varsity match, however strong one side appears to be, and however good its record, is never certain. Each side has now won twenty-four matches.

A record number of entries were received for the Halford Hewitt Cup. Thirty-nine schools entered. As each school is represented by five pairs, and as the majority of the schools have reserves and supporters, the total number of people at Deal interested in the competition must have been over 450. I know of no other competition in this country that draws so many players. Charterhouse won for the third time, beating Old Watsonians in the final. It is interesting to note that Charterhouse has won on the last three occasions on which the number of the year was even, and on each occasion under a new captain.

At the end of March, a match-play foursome tournament was played at Sunningdale, open to all golfers, without any restriction. Professionals played from plus-two, women from six, and all others from scratch. The full difference of strokes was conceded or received. Every possible combination of partners entered, except a combination of two assistants. The winning pair consisted of a lady and an amateur, namely, Miss Diana Fishwick and E. N. Layton.

The Addington Foursomes, the entries for which consist of an amateur and a professional, or assistant, resulted in a win for R. W. Hartley and Abe Mitchell. I think that Mitchell, well though he played, will admit that Hartley more than pulled his weight.

The English Championship was played on the course of the Formby Golf Club. Among the entries were four brothers, namely, the Scholfields; unfortunately, none of them went very far in the Championship. The reigning Boy Champion, P. B. Lucas, reached the last eight, when he failed to extend the ultimate winner. Lucas had an easy draw, F. Ricardo, whom he beat by one hole, being the best of his opponents. I do not wish to infer that Ricardo is not a good player. He most certainly is both good and experienced.

The victory of Stanley Lunt was very popular. He is a beautiful player, and has been knocking at the door of this and other championships for some years. With Lunt it was a case of the third time lucky, as he has met Crawley twice before in this Championship and been defeated on both occasions, by one hole in 1931, and by four and three in 1932. In the final, when Crawley came in to lunch six up, all seemed over. In my opinion the tenth hole in the afternoon cost Crawley the Championship. At this hole Lunt played "two" first, and hit a very mediocre shot, leaving himself a long iron shot to the green. Now was Crawley's chance. He hit a good shot, but neither he nor his caddy had troubled to remove the guide post. He hit the guide flag, cutting the flag from the post, his ball fell close to the post, from where he failed to reach the green and lost the hole to a five, a figure Lunt had to work very hard to obtain. From here on, Crawley could do little right, and was finally beaten on the thirty-seventh green.

The Dunlop-Southport Tournament was played early in May, and resulted in a win for a very fine player, A. H. Padgham. Padgham is a natural golfer, and makes the game, except the putting, look even easier than does the average professional. Padgham required 71 strokes to hole the Southport and Ainsdale course in the first of his two qualifying rounds. This was the highest score he returned for the whole competition. His scores were so good that I have no hesitation in reprinting them. In the qualifying rounds he took 71 and 68, and in the competition proper, 70, 70, 68, and 71; truly wonderful golf. T. H. Cotton hung a millstone round his neck by taking 78 for his first round in the competition proper, but, undisturbed, he gallantly chased the leaders, and with three great consecutive rounds of 66, 69, and 68, finished only two strokes behind the winner, and won the second prize.

Women's Golf:

What of 1934?

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

HERE is a request for a topic: "Has 1934 really been a good year in women's golf? If so, why? If not, why?"

Now that fits in exactly with my own intentions for this week, those being a review of the year. There are, of course, two ways of doing that. You can take a Press-cutting book, and compile a conscientious record of who won what, and where. It will then be the sort of useful, dull, statistical page that other conscientious folk will keep by them for reference. Or you can merely recall your own impressions of the big events, with a little thought on the whys and wherefores of who won. After all, if events have made no impression upon you deep enough to be recalled before the twelvemonth is out, it is pretty certain that they have not been epoch-making. Before long, publications such as *The L.G.U. Year Book* and *The Golfers' Handbook* will be on sale, with all the statistics conscientiously compiled: I am going to adopt the freer method, and merely give my impressions of 1934 with regard to my querist's requirements.

Above: Miss Enid Wilson, now lost to competitive golf

Right: Miss Pam Barton, the runner-up at the Open Championship of 1934

Straight away I feel inclined to say that it has not been a really good year in women's golf, though I can think of good things in it.

I am not only thinking of our narrow escape in the halved French match, our inconclusive win in Canada, and our rout in America, though those three matches alone might depress anybody not blind to facts, and there are plenty of reasons for thinking that the Selection Committee, both in composition and choice, might have been better.

The things that have been distressing in 1934 are the well-justified dissatisfaction with the way golf is managed by the Ladies' Golf Union; the loss to competitive golf of Miss Wethered being followed by the loss of Miss Wilson; the failure of some players, notably Miss Dorothy Pearson, who did not consolidate the position she had stormed at the end of 1933, and the consequent lack of advance all round.

Miss Phyllis Wade, the most consistent player of the year, and winner of the 1934 English Championship at Seacroft

WHAT is my complaint against the Ladies' Golf Union? Briefly, that being ostensibly a democratic body, they choose to legislate behind closed doors and veil their doings with such secrecy that the rank and file of players cannot find out what is being done, even when they ask for information; that power is deliberately kept within the smallest possible circle; that the aggrandisement of the organisation is thought more of than the wishes or well-being of the players.

The amateur status business, with its stabs behind their backs at some of our leading players, need not be recapitulated now; it is to be presumed that the Annual Meeting, early in February, will sift that matter to its bottom-most depth. A community torn by such a ruction can scarcely be said to have had a good year; the only hope is that better may be done in the future. The personnel of the Council is not constant, more open diplomacy may be the next policy. We can only live in hope, because the L.G.U. has grand machinery for being a really democratic, non-autocratic body, if only it will use it. The high officials are not the only blameworthy people; delegates are all too apt to sit mum, to take little interest, and fail to get proper instructions from their clubs.

THEN we have lost Miss Enid Wilson from competitive golf, and the lowering of standard that means is almost incalculable and certainly irreparable. So often at Porthcawl and at Seacroft the thought crossed one's mind: "What would Enid be making of this? These would be two-shotters, right enough, for her. There is nobody here who would beat her if she were in full practice." When that can be felt, then obviously the winners, however good, are only supplying second best; the whole basis of calculation is on a lower plane.

Mrs. Andrew Holm, who took the Open Championship to Scotland

THAT is not to say such a deficiency cannot be made good. In the English Championship of 1933 there seemed definite hope that in Miss Dorothy Pearson and Miss Mary Johnson we had two young players who might scale any heights, and the general impression was that they were not alone. Unfortunately, 1934 has not confirmed that impression. Miss Dorothy Pearson has definitely had a bad year, failing to qualify for the Open, and going out in the second round of the English. Miss Mary Johnson came stale to the Open, and did not fulfil expectations; true, she was runner-up again in the English, a proud enough record, in all conscience, but not quite so brilliant as most good judges expected of her. Mrs. Andrew Holm, after winning the Open, failed signally in the Scottish; Miss Pam Barton, runner-up in the Open, was no better than anybody else in the International matches.

PERHAPS the most refreshingly consistent player of the year has been Miss Phyllis Wade, for the English Championship which she won at Seacroft was her fourth championship, and in all of them she had reached last eight. Yet, though such consistency brooks no argument, and hers is a very fine record, beyond all dispute, her golf lacks the impressive natural qualities of some of the other young players of the day, and we certainly have no Miss Leitch, Miss Wethered, Miss Wilson among us at the moment, towering above all their rivals. If we felt sure that the whole mountain-range were higher, we might feel less sad over the absence of outstanding peaks.

However, here 's hoping for 1935.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The man who doubted if HOWARDS' ASPIRIN *was the* BEST

CASH ADVANCES BY POST

£30 to £5,000.

To Ladies or Gentlemen on note of hand alone

WITHOUT ANY SECURITY.

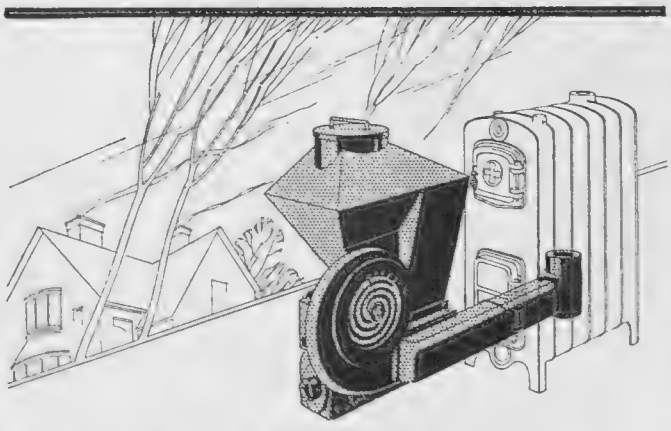
RICHMOND INVESTMENTS LTD., 4, The Green, RICHMOND, SURREY.

SPORTING BRONZES . . .

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street,
LONDON, W.1.



WINTER HAS NO TERRORS

when house and water are heated this way

NO need to dread the coming of winter if your home is warmed and your water supply heated by a "Baby Robot" Stoker—the latest type of automatic stoker for hot water and central heating. Electrically driven by a silent motor, in one hour it consumes only 12 lbs. of coal (the cheapest industrial grade) at a cost of less than 1d.

Other outstanding features are :—

Automatic temperature control—requires filling only twice in 24 hours—elimination of soot, smoke and dust. Prices (delivered) from £49 10s.

"Baby Robot"

STOKER

Full details from :

RILEY STOKER CO LIMITED

A SUBSIDIARY OF INTERNATIONAL COMBUSTION LTD.

PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

TEL. WHITEHALL 3085 GRAMS. RISTOKERS, PARL
Strand

This elegant Toupet costs 42/-; with natural skin parting £4/4/0

Coiffures

For transformations, toupets, chignons and all forms of ornamental hairwork you should seek our expert advice and assistance. Whether you require just a single curl or a complete transformation we can satisfy you. Only pure natural hair is used. Young and old are equally catered for, and whilst we welcome a personal visit to our salons, you may have every confidence in ordering through the post. Write to-day to Dept. (B) for brochure

Transformations, from £2 10 9 to £6 6 0. Switches of pure Human Hair from 5/9 (16 ins.) to 37/9 (28 ins.). Chignons and Swathes, from 10/9

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.,
80/84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, S.E.
West End Salon:
Mappin House, 156/162, Oxford Street, W.1
'Phone: Museum 3128.

Rugby Clubs at Home : Leicester — "The Tigers"

Left : C. Sloss

Right : B. C. Gadney, captain

Left : N. Adams

R. J. Barr

W. N. Bradshaw, hon. treas.

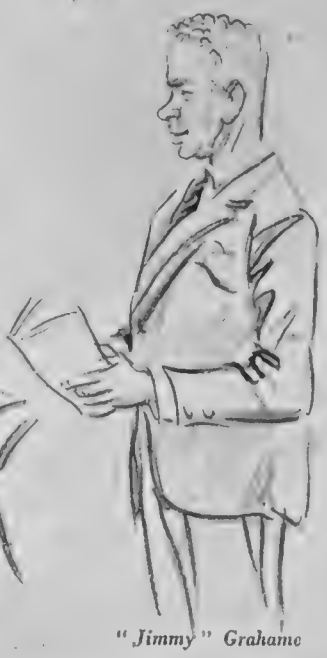
R. A. Buckingham

G. R. Beamish and A. P. Hughes

Left : Tom Berry

G. P. Valance

J. E. Thorneide, hon. sec.



"Jimmy" Grahame

Sketches by H. H. Harris

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Selectors' Trials

I AM quite astonishingly uncomfortable, for I am writing in a leaking fishing punt, perched insecurely, very insecurely, upon an upturned box. But you may perversely argue that this has nothing to do with Rugby football. Well, I grant you that. The trouble is that round about Christmas time even orderly periodicals like the BYSTANDER go all out of schedule, and expect contributions on the wrong days of the week, and I had forgotten to write this illuminating article until this singularly inconvenient moment.

WHEN you read it you will know all about the final Rugby Union trial match, which is more than I do now, for the teams have not yet been announced. What is more, our brave Selectors have been a little capricious this year, and though I respect their intentions and tremble at the problems which beset them, I cannot for the life of me follow their train, or trains, of thought.

Their bold experiment of putting Heaton on the wing, Leyland at stand-off half, and Bowker on the opposite side at Falmouth looked to me like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*. I am prepared to find Heaton, Leyland and Bowker in the Possibles' scrummage at Twickenham; Longland at stand-off half, and Kendrew and Gregory in the centre. After all, we must have courage, and never let it be said that we tamely did the obvious thing.

SERIOUSLY, though, after the Falmouth trial I cannot see how Heaton can be kept out of the England centre, great-hearted player though Gerrard, of Bath, may be. And J. Bowker, of Furness, is an uncommonly promising stand-off half, though it is quite possible that P. Candler, of Cambridge, will be given the billet in the England team. Not that Candler will prove unworthy, for he is a quick, neat player, accustomed to the position and altogether a likely man. We should do quite well with Candler, Heaton and Cranmer as our midfield triangle, but I wish that Leyland and Bowker, the two players who work with Heaton for Lancashire, need not be left out of it.

EVERYTHING turns, as it happens, upon the fact that Cranmer is too good a player to be left out of the side. He is so good—at Falmouth he was brilliant—that he forces his way in, and so the individual smashes the combination.

We should be thankful—we are thankful, indeed—that so grand a centre as young Cranmer has appeared, but he does increase our problems, and very confusing it all is. In ordinary years Heaton and Leyland would be an entirely satisfactory pair of centres; but now it seems that Leyland must be sacrificed. Give him a prolonged trial, then, for the Barbarians, in club matches on every opportunity, at stand-off half, and let us see if it is not possible to retain his partnership with Heaton in one form or another.

IF we can be cock-a-hoop about the backs, though, it is by no means so easy to be cheerful about the England forwards. I never saw a more clumsy, slab-sided lot of scrummagers than those who groped about in the Falmouth mud. Individually some of them were pretty good. J. Dicks, of Northampton, for example, is a grand, roust-about forward, and players like Watkins, Kemp and Hordern showed up handsomely in the open. It was when it came to the scrummaging that both packs shaped like packs turning out for Extra C club teams.

IS it not possible to remind the modern forward that scrummaging is something more than putting your head down and leaning against your opponents and scraping for the ball? Dare we not hope that Mr. John Daniell will take these potential England players in hand, and knock their heads together, if need be, and teach them to pack, bind, shove, heel and wheel and generally scrummage with at least a reasonable modicum of intelligence and precision?

At present they look like a pack of old washerwomen, and what horrifies me is the thought that, through their idleness and ineptitude we may waste what promises to be the best attacking back division England have had for years.

Scotland's Choice

Above: W. G. S. Johnston, the Cambridge wing three-quarter, who is playing in the final Scottish "Rugger" trial at Murrayfield on January 12th

Below: Charles Grieve who played back for Oxford, and is occupying the stand-off-half position in Scotland's trial team

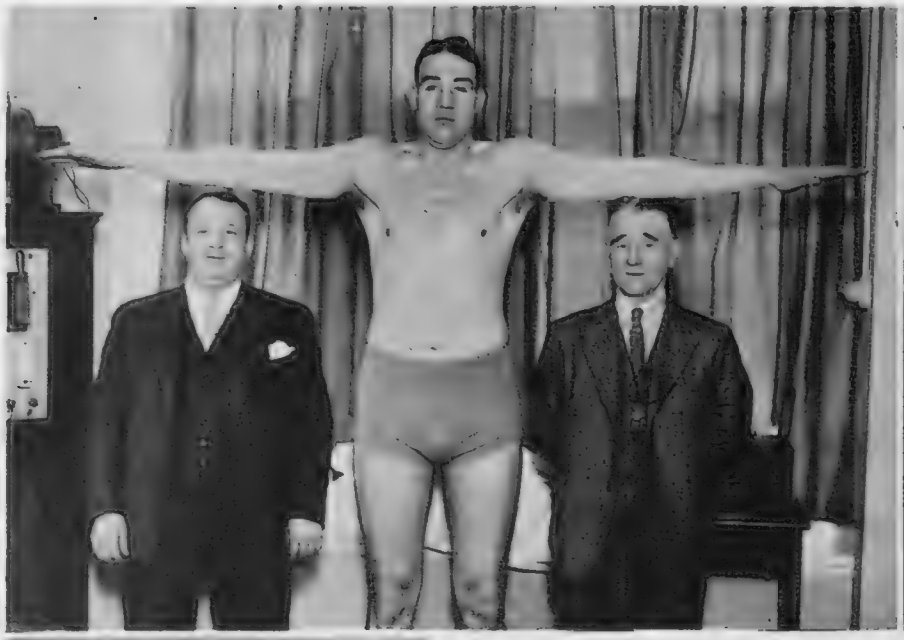
E. S. Nicholson

Oxford's hooker, who has been selected to occupy the forward position in the next England trial match

THERE 's a grouse off my chest, and now we may pause to spare a tear for Selectors in general. The English Selectors are striving valiantly, but unhappily, with some very knotty problems; the Welshmen are like old gentlemen who live in a shoe, with so many backs they don't know what to do. The Scotsmen have, figuratively speaking, no backs at all, and no forwards, either.

How much easier, then, is the lot of the critic, who can just loll back and laugh, though if I loll back I shall get most of the River Avon down my neck, which is about what I deserve. But it pleases me to think of the Welsh Selectors puzzling over their jig-saw game. Cliff Jones, they say, for stand-off half; but then what about little W. H. T. Davies, who continues to play with an easy genius which is most disconcerting? Then Claude Davey and J. T. Rees in the centre; but what about Wilfred Wooller, of Cambridge? Wooller has mighty nearly played himself into the Welsh side now, and as he has taken to dropping goals post-high from the half-way line at Twickenham, I fear he may give England some rude shocks. That goal he dropped in the 'Varsity match—that very unkind goal—was so powerful—the ball went over so high and dropped so far beyond the posts that I believe he could very nearly drop a goal from his own twenty-five. An exaggeration, perhaps, but Wooller is a menace, a Big Bertha of a menace.

THE Scottish Selectors are in an even greater predicament. They just cannot find the players, I am told, though the team which is to represent Scotland in the final trial on January 12th looks useful enough to me. Johnston and Fyfe, the Cambridge wings are in, and very rightly, for they are grand players, and R. C. S. Dick, though he has not been playing much this year, and C. F. Grieve, the Oxford full-back, is at stand-off half.



Jack Pettifer, the boxer, who is staging a new career in the ring, with his trainer, Wally May, and his manager, C. Rose. Pettifer is 6ft. 6 in. tall and weighs 16 stone

Mrs. McKechnie, née Keith Jones, elected treasurer of the Women's Squash Rackets Association. She goes to America this month with the team

D. M. Backhouse (Co Hamilton, the Arm Amateur Squas Prince's Club, won b

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

So here we are, with 1934 over and done with, and the New Year stretching ahead promisingly. We have had few things to regret in the past twelve months—it was, when all is said and done, a great year for sport in Britain; we didn't retain the Ashes, perhaps, but we did manage to collar the elusive British Open golf title, and a couple of tennis championships which, we had thought, seemed to belong solely to the Americans.

Now, what is ahead? First let 's take a look at tennis. Can our Fred Perry and Dorothy Round keep their crowns? A difficult question this, for we have seen both champions recently beaten in Australia. The Dismal Jemmies—and they are legion—have made much capital out of these set-backs, but I have a shrewd notion that there is nothing much the matter with the two players who put Britain back on the tennis map except "staleness."

Truth is, as I have so often stressed, Perry has been overdoing tennis. Britain, France, America and Australia—he has packed his rackets, and gone adventuring the world over. Now, he wants a rest. And, unless I am very much mistaken, "Fighting Fred" means to take that rest before he sets out on his bid to keep the British Championship at Wimbledon next June.

As for Dorothy Round, there seemed a hint that she was just a bit jaded after the strain of Wimbledon. And, too, she went monkeying about with golf—and golf and tennis are poor mixers, so the experts tell us. As it is, Miss Round is going to have a pretty tough fight of it to keep her title, for her chief challenger, Helen Jacobs, is already polishing up her armour.

You 've got to take your hat off to these Americans. Miss Jacobs gets a drubbing at Wimbledon, and straightway sets about the business of preparing a "come-back" crusade. She has already taken coaching lessons from the very excellent Daniel Maskell, and now, I gather, she is having a long winter's rest in Egypt. She may tune up for Wimbledon by competing in the South African championships, but, generally, she is determined to conserve her strength for another crack at the British women's title. Yes, and I have a shrewd notion that Helen Jacobs won't be a long way away when the trophies are being presented at next year's Wimbledon.

Reverting to Perry for a moment, I may say there is still the possibility that he will have joined the professional ranks before Wimbledon comes along. His recent reverses may have lowered his stock a point or so in the tennis money markets, but I think that "Big Bill" Tilden is still ready and willing to put down a heap of cash should Perry think seriously of capitalising his skill.

This thought of the attractive offers made to Perry must be the bogey of the Lawn Tennis Association just now. Were the British champion suddenly to decide to join the money ranks, then it would not only be the end of our hopes of keeping the title in this country, but would mean, almost inevitably, that our defence of the Davis Cup would fail. Perry has said that he will be there to play in the Davis Cup challenge round. So has Austin. But there are many months to go yet awhile. . . . And a man can always change his mind.

Next summer, apart from the tennis fray, we 'll be eagerly watching the way in which the new leg-before-wicket

Ranked for the First Time

Top: Miss Susan Noel, of rackets fame; Middle: Miss Mary Hardwicke, of Surrey; Bottom: Charles Hare, of Birmingham, who have appeared in the Lawn Tennis ranking list for the first time, and occupy twelfth, eleventh, and fifth places respectively

servative Club) and C. P. champion, finalists in the Rackets Championship, at he latter by three games to none

London Scottish met Guy's Hospital on the Athletic Ground at Richmond, and the match resulted in a draw, each side scoring 8 points. The picture above shows a Guy's Hospital player passing the ball from a line-out

The Phelps family, who have been associated with the tideway at Putney for many years, consisting of "Bossy," Eric, Ted, Senior, and Ted, Junior, on the grandstand, watching a heat in the first Thames Christmas Sculling Handicap between Hammersmith and Putney for prizes amounting to £100. Eric Phelps was the eventual winner

rule will work in county cricket. As you know, under the new law, a batsman can be out for off-side obstructions, and already some of our bowlers are thinking of the wicket harvests they are going to reap.

One thing about this new rule is that it will sound the death-knell of leg-theory. Bowlers will be encouraged more and more to bowl at the off-stump; thus we 'll be hearing very few complaints of bumping deliveries on the leg side. Which is all to the good, for the other M.C.C. ruling—the instruction to umpires regarding the intimidation of batsmen—will then not have to be put to the test.

Going among cricketers, I hear mixed views on the new l.b.w. law. Batsmen are saying that it will mean the end of off-side play—and, as you know, the glory of cricket is in off-side strokes. That is one side of the question. The other is that the rule will brighten up cricket: there will be no more irritating use of the pads, no more batsmen lying doggo hour after hour to send us to sleep in the summer sunshine.

One thing I do know is that the Grimmet of England—none other than our old friend "Tich" Freeman—is going to get a handsome bag of wickets next season. The little Kent marvel already manages to get a couple of hundred wickets a summer, and I hear he is thinking that, with the new law in operation, he will get very near—if not past—the third century.

However, there it is. The experiment is to be tried, even though the Club Cricket Conference will have nothing to do with it. We shall see what we shall see. And if, as some expect, we get more attacking cricket, then I, for one, will welcome the law with open arms.

By the way, this summer, which seems so far ahead in these dull days, will see the South African cricketers visiting us once again. Great fellows they are, and real back-to-the-wall fighters. I expect, too, that they will be better able to cope with our wickets than in former years. As a matter of fact, South Africa has gone in wholesale for turf wickets in the last year or so. The famous Wanderers' ground is now a green carpet. How different, this, from the red earth wickets of yesteryear. Well, playing on turf will give the South Africans increased confidence over here. I think we have the beating of them all right, but it will not be such a runaway sort of victory as some expect.

One thing I do hope that our cricket mandarins at Lord's will do: that is, to give some of the young men in the game their Test chances. There is Human—an England star in the making; there is Arnold, the Hampshire player, who must surely atone for an indifferent display when given a trial before. And again, B. H. Valentine, Smith, of Middlesex—now in the West Indies—and James Langridge should all be allowed to show their paces. After all, what we have to do next summer is to build up a likely side for our quest for the Ashes in Australia a few winters hence.

And now to golf, with a thought for Henry Cotton's very thorough preparation for his effort to keep the British Open Championship. A very earnest young man is Cotton, and one on whom we must pin our faith.

I think he may succeed in winning the championship for the second year in succession. After all, there is no gainsaying that the American challenge is not likely to be so severe as it has been in recent years. "Bobby" Jones, Walter Hagen, and some of the other American giants seem to be out of things just lately. Jones, as we know, has retired a long while. Others are not getting younger!

I do think, however, that the United States will keep the Ryder Cup when our professionals cross the Atlantic somewhere towards the end of the summer months. The conditions, for instance, are all in favour of the defenders: don't our players still recall the terrific heat in which they melted to defeat the last time they were in the States!

I would that Henry Cotton were in the British team. Cotton says he will not go, even if the rules are relaxed to allow him to play. But we, the British public, think it a trifle ridiculous that the British champion—and captain of the Professional Golfers' Association—is debarred from representing his country.

Now I find that I have little space left to write of young Jack Petersen. I 'm afraid the champion did not do himself much good against George Cook. But don't let us decry Petersen. He is the best man we have. He made a mistake against Cook, but he has learnt his lesson: it is, that he must return to his quick-fire attack and terrific punching if he is to remain at the top of the tree. Let us "cry" Petersen all the time—he will, I am sure, yet come out as our best man for years.

Air Race Epilogue

The Royal Aero Club Dinner in Honour of T. W. A. Scott and Campbell Black

Above: Mr. T. Campbell Black, one of the joint winners of the England to Australia air race, sat next Lady Londonderry

Right: Lord Gorell, chairman of the Royal Aero Club, and chairman of the dinner in the Duke of Atholl's absence, had Mr. C. W. A. Scott, Campbell Black's co-pilot, on his right

Below: Mr. K. D. Parmentier, chief pilot of the Dutch 'plane which landed second in Australia, talking to Lady Trenchard

The Duchess of Atholl, whose husband is president of the Royal Aero Club, but was prevented by illness from taking the chair at the dinner, had Lord Londonderry, the Secretary of State for Air, as neighbour

Right: Mrs. J.J. Moll and Mrs. K. D. Parmentier, the attractive wives of the two pilots of the Dutch aeroplane

Below: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard (known as "Boom" to his R.A.F. friends) and Lady Gorell photographed during the dinner, which was held at Grosvenor House

Lady McClean, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Francis McClean, another prominent member of the Royal Aero Club, and Mr. J. J. Moll, Parmentier's co-pilot in the air race

Flying Prospects for 1935

By Charles Ward

Left: a Gaumont-British film shown over London—the talkie apparatus weighs 100 lb., and was installed in one of Hillman's Dragon "Rapides." The passengers are watching a scene from "The Iron Duke"

See how they fly!—Prince Nicholas of Rumania and Prince Alonzo of Spain at Croydon emplaning for Paris by Imperial Airways

The Air Sense

FLYING, which can be a sport, a pastime for week-ends, or just a business, is of interest to an ever-widening circle of people. What is known as the air sense is being cultivated or acquired, as flying has become a necessary part of modern life. What are the chances of cheaper flying in 1935? Will it be more convenient, safer, and faster than ever before? Quite definitely, the cost is being reduced, but this applies more to the air-lines than to private flying. The latter is still hampered by too many restrictions, which react unfavourably on the cost of building aircraft. The cheapest open two-seater still costs £500, and the majority of private 'planes cannot be bought for less than £600 to £700. The petrol tax, instituted to prevent too many motorists from cluttering up our narrow and tortuous highways and byways, is an unfair one on fuel for flying. Even if it could be contended that private owners are very few and very rich, the tax is unfair to the clubs, which receive a subsidy from the Government's right hand and get it taken away again by its left. If it is agreed that flying is good for trade and the Defence of the Realm, that it prevents a certain number of people from cluttering up the aforesaid highways and byways and also gives them a nice dose of fresh air, which is good for the complexion, then the tax should be remitted for a certain number of years. Then, of course, we want more aerodromes. As Sir Alan Cobham said seven years ago, flying cannot be really useful until every town has its own aerodrome. Then we shall have fun or games or go fishing by air, which isn't so strange as it sounds, for lots of fish live in inaccessible places.

Comfort, Safety, and Speed

HERE are three of the most important factors in flying. As regards the first-named, flying is not the noisy and draughty means of progression that it used to be. Air-liners have the amenities of a Pullman, are quieter, with as much space for moving about and the special advantage of being free from smuts and smoke. On the matter of safety, comparative statements are useless—it may be sufficient to emphasise that insurance, a certain estimate of risk, regards flying by regular air services as a normal means of travel, and premiums are no higher than by boat and train. Speed and yet more speed—that is the demand. It is curious, considering the cost of increasing air speed, that operators have not insisted on night flying facilities being provided, which would cost them little more than the extra airport dues for lighting and service. As it is to-day, the majority of aircraft spend two-thirds of their useful life in a hangar, growing obsolete, without earning enough money for their replacements. Instead of air travel maintaining its lead over all other means, the hundred-mile-an-hour advantage gained during daylight is reduced to less than nothing at night, whilst trains, ships, and motor-cars continue on their way. This loss of travelling-time will not continue indefinitely, and, in fact, energetic measures are now being taken to light the routes and airports, provide wireless beacons and weather reports, so that safety at night will be no less than by day.

At the Clubs and Schools

THE Reading Club is organising a party on Saturday next, January 5th, for any gangsters or apaches who care to park their gats, rods, or knives, as the case may be, with the hall porter on reaching club premises. This should be an amusing evening, for gangsters or apaches without their gats, rods, or knives can be quite human. At Brooklands, where they know how to blend work with play so successfully, Mr. Ashton is installed in his new Lecture Room, and pupils are benefiting by the modern equipment. Strange things happen in the air—three of the Brooklands fleet got lost in the fog the other day and, on making a forced landing, thought they 'd arrived in Kenya—the wild animals around them were only part of a private "zoo." A.S.T. at Hamble continues to attract attention as a model training centre. The Chinese Aviation Mission, headed by Colonel Mow, who runs the school at Hankow, paid a lengthy tour of inspection quite recently. Many Chinese pilots have been trained over here, and A.S.T. has a liaison with the Far East Aviation School at Hong Kong, which is owned and run by a British firm.

Graf Zeppelin Flies 1,000,000 Kilometres

ON her return on December 18th to Friedrichshafen from South American, the "Graf Zeppelin" had flown a total of 1,000,000 kilometres. No other air transport machine can boast of having flown this exalted distance, which is nearly twenty-four times the circumference of the world. It is a brilliant finish to the sixth year of operation of the "Graf Zeppelin." According to the statistics of the Hamburg-American Line, which manages the passenger and freight business for the Zeppelin, 423 flights were carried out, of which about ninety were crossings over the ocean. The airship was in the air for 9815 hours, carried 27,700 passengers, over 5½ million letters and 42,000 kilos of cargo, without a single mishap. With astounding punctuality and regularity, independent of wind and weather, and all climatic difficulties, the "Graf Zeppelin" has kept to her time-table. The original seventy-two hours calculated for the distance Friedrichshafen-Pernambuco, in many instances was considerably reduced. The growing confidence of the travelling public in the Zeppelin is shown by the increase in passengers carried. During 1932 on an average only four paying passengers were carried per flight; during 1933, this was increased to nine passengers, but last year, the available accommodation for twenty passengers proved to be insufficient on most of her voyages. The fares have been considerably reduced. During 1929, the Atlantic crossing amounted to RM.8400. This fare has now been reduced by nearly eighty-five per cent., and to-day the crossing from Friedrichshafen to Rio de Janeiro amounts to RM.1500. Flights to South America will be resumed at the end of March, whilst during the year, the new airship, L.Z.129, will probably make a few trips to North America in the late summer. The flights across the North Atlantic will take about 2½ days, and the fares will amount to about £80-£90.

Not-So-Private Views (Continued from page 29)

Mr. "Eddie" Marsh

Dorothy Wilding

Lady Queensberry

Bassano

Mrs. Chester Beatty

whiskered "artists" of St. John's Wood used to ship to Lancashire by the square yard, are no longer with us. They disappeared during the war-time fuel-shortage.

Apart from the painters named, English sculptors are feeling almost boom conditions, with the work of Henry Moore, Dobson, young Skeaping and others in brisk demand. The bas-relief is happily suited to modern architecture. The younger set in Mayfair is buying intelligently, and such recent exhibitions as that of Boudin, the exquisite painter of the Empress Eugénie's Trouville, were notably successful. At the View, I saw Mr. Ormsby-Gore, who is practically our Minister of Fine Arts, Lady Esher and Mrs. Ruby Lindsay, whose daughter married Lord Sandwich's heir.

A VERY gay View was that of Nicolas de Molas. His sentimental prospects of Chatsworth and Clieveden, his designs for costumes in the new Guitry play in Paris, and for a new opera at Covent Garden next spring, together with twenty imaginary portraits in oils, were being admired by, among others, Lord Elmley and his sister, Lady Mary Lygon, the Cochrans, back from America, Lady Elibank, Lady Eleanor Smith, Lady Morvyth Benson and Mrs. Claude Leigh. At most Views one seems to see Mrs. Bryan Guinness, Lady Pansy Lamb (Lord Longford's sister, her husband an artist), and Lady Violet Pakenham. Right at the other end of the centuries was Mr. Sparkes' distinguished showing of the earliest Chinese pottery, with the Queen as a visitor one day. It is one of the surprises of London that there are half-a-dozen galleries where you may be beckoned into the manager's sanctum and asked to peep at a stack of canvases worth a ransom each. London is now the world's art-centre, able to stock a gallery at short notice.

LATELY the miniaturists of to-day, the new type photographer-artists, have taken to holding Views, and though it is no longer the rather narcissistic fashion to drag your friends to admire your portraits, a gay crowd can always be found.

Capt. Victor Cazalet, M.P.

The Editor's Box

"Who's Who"

This famous annual is by no means only a work of reference and a stand-by for the journalist in doubt as to facts. *Who's Who* makes most entertaining reading, as well as being a mine of information to those interested in their fellow men and women. The 1935 edition contains over forty thousand biographies, and more than a thousand have been deleted on account of death; while fifteen hundred new biographies now appear. In its eighty-seventh annual edition *Who's Who* is more invaluable than ever, and Messrs. A. and C. Black are to be congratulated on publishing such a book at 60s., which is a moderate sum when one considers that it contains three thousand seven hundred pages.

Kelly's Handbook

To give it the full title, *Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes*, 1935, has made its annual appearance, and the alphabetical list of biographies gives the reader all the information that it is essential to know about those included, which means everybody with titles, holders of the various orders of knighthood, Members of Parliament, separately tabulated, and members of the senior ranks of Civil and Military Services of the State, as well as many landowners and County Justices of the Peace. Much information will also be found of value to the hunting man, and the up-to-date nature of the work is indicated by the inclusion of the record of the Duke of Kent's marriage. The price of the yearly volume is two pounds.

Commercial By-Ways

There are queer trades in London, like that of the accordian pleater. But what of the humble and necessary jobs which one does not ordinarily think of as a career? Turning over the 1935 Post Office London Directory (Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C., cloth, 55s., leather, 70s.), here are some of my finds: pill-box manufacturers—there are three of them; feather-duster manufacturers—three; stoneware hot-water bottles have only two manufacturers left. There is an enjoyable category headed "Fêtes and Rejoicings—contractors for." "Highland Outfitters" number two. The "Law Costs Draftsman" seems to have a gruesome job—but perhaps lawyers need him. One of the most unexpected trades is that of "Nicotine Manufacturer"—a job most of us undertake in our spare time. The making of sausage cases ("sausage skins" the layman calls them) occupies seventeen dealers and twenty-two manufacturers.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JANUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FOR EVER.—Margaretta Scott acts beautifully as Beatrice and Eric Portman very finely as Dante; the stuff of the play is not everyone's idea of their love-story: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LOVERS' LEAP.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARY READ.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman buccaneer, and Robert Donat as her adoring, rattled husband, in a swinging play in the romantic style: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—An Irish play with much talk, dramatic action that makes it a play and no sermon, excellent humour and a good cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. JOAN.—Mary Newcomb gives an interesting and often beautiful performance as the Maid; the rest of the cast and the production contribute to a notable revival: Sadler's Wells, 8 (except Monday). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette play made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease-paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY.—Arthur Sinclair, Maire O'Neill, Sara Allgood, in this revival of Lennox Robinson's play: Embassy, 8.15.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Aileen Marson has taken Celia Johnson's part as heroine: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI.—Derrick de Marney as young Disraeli and Sophie Stewart as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, in Elswyth Thane's pleasant romance: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.—Another seasonable revival, with Kathleen Burgis as star: Garrick, 2.30 and 8.

THE BING BOYS ARE HERE.—George Robey and Violet Loraine in their original parts, with Rebla as the other Bing Boy; new jokes and songs and all the old favourites: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and
Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

BLACKBIRDS OF 1935.—More and more and faster and faster dancing; Valaida and the 1934 stars are there, plus Kahloah, a newcomer: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—Greta Nissen, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE RED ROVER'S REVENGE.—Peter Godfrey's production of this nautical romance: Royalty, 8.30.

REVUEDEVILLE No. 53.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 2.30 and 8.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A WALTZ DREAM.—Oscar Strauss's tuneful operetta revived, with Lea Seidl, W. H. Berry, Carl Esmond, Bertram Wallis: Winter Garden, 2.15 and 8.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GHOST TRAIN.—A revival of this excellent thriller: Criterion, 2.30 and 8.40.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Duke of York's, 8.30.

HALF A CROWN.—The hero is Sydney Howard, sometimes grocer and sometimes Ruritanian King, and he gives some grand laughs; Eliot Makeham, Malcolm Keen, and Eileen Peel are in the cast: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INSIDE THE ROOM.—A new thriller, with Leonora Corbett, Ellis Jeffreys, Helen Haye, Frank Cellier, Robert Douglas: Queen's, 8.40.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him, and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee as the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—The play its audiences almost know by heart: Kingsway, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Christmas Holiday Fare

ALADDIN.—Valda Jesmond as Aladdin, Ivan Menzies Linga Singh: Prince Edward Theatre, 2 and 7.45.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—Beryl Laverick as Alice: Duke of York's, matinées, 2.30.

BUCKIE'S BEARS: Scala, matinées, 2.30.

CHARLIE'S AUNT.—Dudley Ralph and Amy Brandon-Thomas: Daly's, 2.30 and 8.30.

CINDERELLA.—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Prince Charming, June as Cinderella, Billy Danvers, Clarice Hardwicke, Revnell and West, the Three Sailors: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.—Elsie Prince as Dick, George Jackley, Naughton and Gold: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE LUCK OF THE NAVY.—Another revival, with Percy Hutchinson as the V.C.: Playhouse, 2.30 and 8.30.

PETER PAN.—Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter, George Curzon as Mr. Darling and Hook, Marie Löhr as Mrs. Darling, Pamela Stanley as Wendy: Palladium, 2.15.

ROBIN HOOD.—With Gwladys Stanley, Marjorie Binner, Douglas Wakefield: Victoria Palace, 2 and 7.30.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL.—Richard Goolden as Mole, Frederick Burtwell as Toad, John Kidd, George Wray: Royalty, matinées, 2.15.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Edmund Willard as Long John Silver: Piccadilly, matinées, 2.15.

WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE.—Robert Atkins, Billy Thatcher, Esmé Beringer, in this schoolboy adventure play: Savoy, matinées, 2.30.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD.—Fortune, 2.30 and 8.15.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS: Holborn Empire, matinées. 2.15.

CINEMAS

BABES IN TOYLAND.—Laurel and Hardy in the first film pantomime: Empire.

THE CATSPAW.—Harold Lloyd's adventures as a missionary and a mayor: Marble Arch Pavilion.

COLLEGE RHYTHM.—A Hollywood musical comedy, starring Joe Penner, Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Helen Mack: Plaza.

THE GAY DIVORCE.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance and sing in this gay and amusing musical comedy: Carlton.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Phillips Holmes and Frances L. Sullivan are in this Dickens film: Capitol.

THE IRON DUKE.—George Arliss bends the Duke of Wellington's character to his own inimitable style: Tivoli.

LORNA DOONE.—Basil Dean directed this film of Blackmore's story; John Loder and Victoria Hopper play the hero and heroine: Adelphi.

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.—A thriller that 's full of excitement, with Nova Pilbeam as a kidnapped child, Leslie Banks and Edna Best as the parents, Peter Lorre as the villain: New Gallery.

MICKEY MOUSE.—A Walt Disney programme of Mickey films and coloured Silly Symphonies: Tatler.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM.—Wallace Beery makes a perfect Barnum, Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, and Rochelle Hudson are in the cast: London Pavilion.

RADIO PARADE OF 1935.—An English all-star picture, full of wireless and vaudeville favourites: Regal.

REFUGEES.—A fine Ufa film, of German refugees escaping from Soviet Russia; the stars are Kathe von Nagy and Hans Albers: Curzon.

REKA.—A Czechoslovakian peasant love-story, beautifully acted and photographed: Academy.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard as Sir Percy Blakeney, Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney, Raymond Massey as Chauvelin; a fine holiday film: Leicester Square Theatre.

(*Continued on page* B)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Sale of Sales

To make room for New Season's Stock. Amazing Values offered in all departments. Send for Sale Book.

LA.93.—Special value, velvet **Cape** in all shades, tie back or front.
Sale Price 27/6

COMBINATIONS

K.204.—Ladies' woven **COMBINATIONS** with opera tops, white or pink. Artificial silk and wool.

	Sale Prices Wms.	O.S.
	17/6	18/6
Pure wool ..	21/-	21/-
Medium Indian gauze (short or long legs) ..	21/9	21/9
Cashmere and silk	31/9	31/9
Silk and wool	31/9	33/9
Spun silk ..	26/11	28/11

KNICKERS and VESTS

K.202.—Peach coloured woollen **Vests,** with brassière opera tops. **Knickers** to match, ribbed at waist and knees. **Sale Prices,** each garment, Wms. 4/11 O.S. 5/11

No. 208.—Useful **Dressing-gown** for travelling, made in crêpe de Chine, lined Nunsveiling, and trimmed effective lace. Packs easily. Colours: pink, sky, pale green and peach.
Sale Price 63/-

Woollands LTD.
Knightsbridge, S.W.1

What's On

(Continued from page A)

OPERA AND BALLET

AT THE OLD VIC:

HANSEL AND GRETEL, preceded by Ballet: January 2nd, 2.30.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: January 2nd, 8.

EUGENE ONEGIN: January 3rd, 8.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO: January 4th, 8.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: January 5th, 2.30.

CARMEN: January 5th, 8.

CARNAVAL, LES SYLPHIDES, JOB: January 7th, 8.30.

MUSIC

WINTER PROMENADES.—Sir Henry Wood and the B.B.C. orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

Mozart-Haydn, January 1st.

Bach-Handel, January 2nd.

Brahms, with Solomon as soloist, January 3rd.

Beethoven, January 4th.

Popular programme, with Conchita Supervia, Moiseiwitch, and Roy Henderson, January 5th.

Wagner, January 7th.

MESSIAH.—Malcolm Sargent conducts the Royal Choral Society and the L.P.O.; Isobel Barthe, Gladys Ripley, Frank Titterton, and Harold Williams, soloists: Albert Hall, January 5th, 2.30.

EXHIBITION

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL ART: Burlington House, from January 5th.

CIRCUSES

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS: Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30.

CIRCUS AND FAIR: Agricultural Hall.

A GRAND CONTINENTAL CIRCUS: Crystal Palace, 2.30 and 7.30.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Special cabarets; Java's Tzigane Orchestra, and Louis Simmonds' band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Douglas Byng is here; Jack Harris and his band play: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant, Augustus Franzel's orchestra in the grill.

CARLTON.—Dancing on Tuesdays; special band and cabaret, and extension.

DORCHESTER.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Monte Carlo Follies, Christmas edition: extension night, Thursday.

SAN MARCO.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing; no cabaret: extension night, Wednesday.

THEATRE RESTAURANT.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

VILLA RODET.—The place for Russian food; music by Theodor Guittar's band: extension night, Tuesday.

SPORT

RUGGER.—England v. The Rest: Twickenham, January 5th.

SPORTING PRINTS

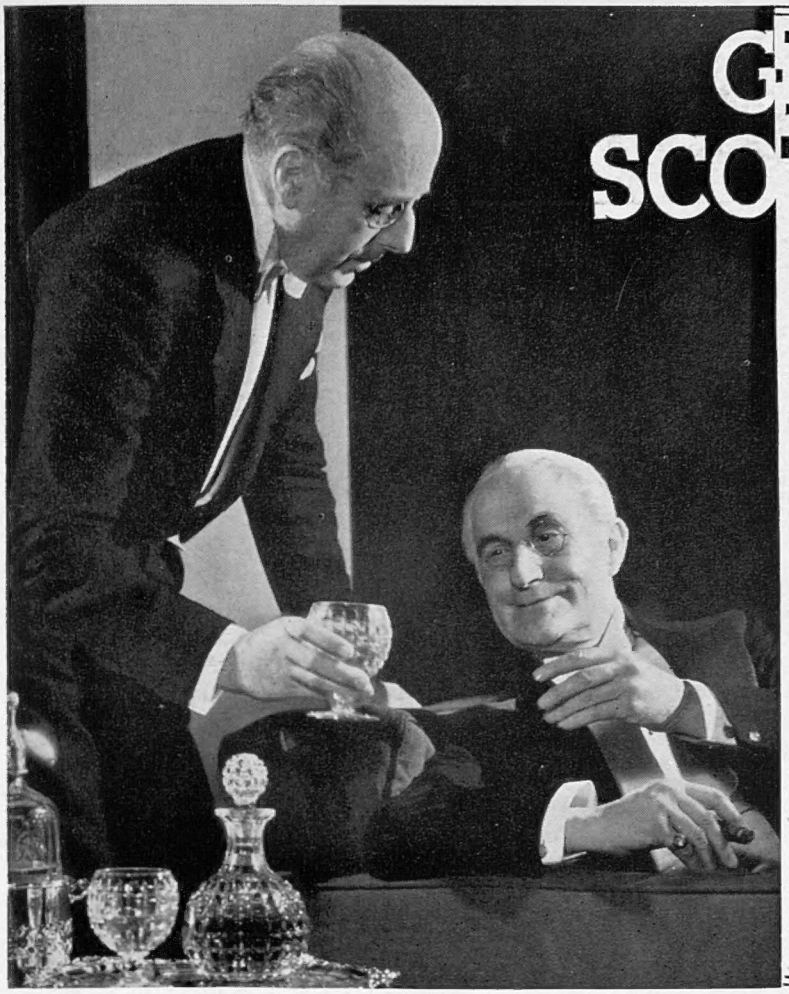
The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

AT THE GRAND HOTEL DU PAVILLON
36, rue de l'Echiquier (near Opera).
£=80 FRANCS PARIS
"The only one-price Hotel in Town"
Please write for particulars



GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

AGED • OF RARE MELLOWNESS • SUBTLE BOUQUET • DISTINCTIVE • BY HOST • BY GUESTS • BY ALL PREFERRED!

WM. GRANT & SONS LTD - DISTILLERS - DUFFTOWN - SCOTLAND.

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants by Appointment to H.M. the KING, 153, Regent Street, W.1.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! Increased my own height to 6' 3¼" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2, 2s. complete. Details free. Write NOW. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. *(P.O. Box 15.)*

CHAS. BRADBURY LTD.

ADVANCE
£25 to £5,000
Entirely Personal
No security

26 Sackville St., Piccadilly, W.1
'Phone: REG. 3123, 3995, 3440

Approved by Doctors
FAMOUS SINCE 1885
RENDELLS
obtainable from Leading Chemists everywhere

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

Read about it in the Benger Booklet, post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

340 J

Somebody's growing in your House.

For sturdy growth give growing children Benger's Food in addition to ordinary meals. *Doctors specially recommend Benger's Food for backward and ailing children.*

A TINY INSTRUMENT

BUT A GREAT AID FOR THE **DEAF!**

OUR 30-DAY TRIAL will convince you that the **VIBRAPHONE** is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of **Deafness.** Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries or wires, or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and details of TRIAL OFFER. Consultations 9-6.

'Phone: Regent 5630.

VIBRAPHONE CO., 43, Triumph House, 189 Regent Street, London, W.1

THEY DOUBLE THE JOY

of SMOKING

When your throat becomes dry and parched through constant smoking, refresh it with an Allenbury's Pastille. There is no simpler or pleasanter way of avoiding throat-irritation or of ensuring the fullest possible enjoyment from your cigarettes or pipe, however much you smoke. Try a tin to-day.

Take care of your throat—take

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

From all chemists in 2 oz & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3d.

A New Year GIFT that can't be wrong

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE BYSTANDER every week—full of cheery and exciting news and pictures about the bright life in the old country. For the modest sum below, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks—no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting. A note to the Publisher, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, or a request to your regular Newsagent and the deed is done for you.

£1-11-4 (CANADA £1 : 9 : 3) sends THE BYSTANDER to a friend overseas for SIX MONTHS

"THE BYSTANDER" SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	Twelve Months including Xmas Number	*Six Months, including Xmas Number*	*Six Months, No Extras*	*Three Months, No Extras*
INLAND	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 11s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
CANADA	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 6d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 5s. 0d.	£1 13s. 8d.	£1 11s. 4d.	15s. 9d.

WRITE TO THE PUBLISHER, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2 —HE WILL DO THE REST.

(Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.)

348.P219B.